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## The Price of Treason

by [fandomofmany](#)

### Summary

Sansa Stark over hears that she may have to marry the Imp. Fearful for her future; a desire to find her way back home to Winterfell and finally leave Kings Landing, Sansa seeks help from an old family friend. But is his price to steal her way too high?

## Shock

The streets were dark and cold as the slim hooded figure kept to the shadows; desperate to go unnoticed. Light footsteps touched the cobble stone as the young girl avoided the large puddles from the day's rainfall. Trying to remember the directions the chamber maid had given her, Sansa Stark pulled her hood a little higher keeping her noticeable auburn hair out of sight. Sansa had stumbled around another corner as she searched for her destination; she had already gotten turned around once this night, forcing her to back-track her steps. Unfortunately Sansa didn't know the streets of King's Landing as well as she hoped and it was proving even more difficult in the darkness of night. Sansa turned another corner, relieved to finally see the house she had been searching for in sight. Sansa quickly checked around the dark street ensuring no one was around before quickly crossing the musty street and hurried over to the door marked with a mockingbird. Taking a deep breath Sansa knocked firmly on the large oak door waiting to beg entry. Sansa looked around again in fear of being seen, as she waited for the door to open. She had gotten lucky when she slipped out passed the guards and making her way into the city streets. Becoming impatient Sansa knocked again as she continued to wait in fear. Before too long the door opened, Sansa peered into the eyes of a tall, thin woman scarcely dressed with long wavy red hair. The woman recognized Sansa at once opening the door wider as she drew her in, shutting the door quickly but not before checking the streets for on-lookers.

"My lady you shouldn't be here. If anyone had seen you..." the red-head had started before Sansa cut her off.

"I know, I'm sorry...I... I need to see the lord of the house. Please. I need to see him." Sansa whispered, her fear getting the better of her.

"My lady, I don't think that's wise, please you should return to the castle." The woman urged.

"No, please, I must see him. It's important." Sansa's sense of need conquered her fear in that moment, finding her voice a little more.

"Ros" a soft firm voice sounded from the top of the stairs.

"My lord" Ros stepped aside bowing her head as the well-tailored man glided down the steps heading straight for Sansa.

"My lord Baelish" Sansa greeted him, bowing her head as he stepped before her.

"My lady Sansa, this is an honour. Please come through." Lord Baelish stepped beside Sansa, arm stretched out directing her up the stairs. Sansa took a last gaze at Ros before lowering her hood and heading up the stairs with Lord Baelish following closely behind her. Lord Baelish opened the door to his office once they reached the top of the stairs letting Sansa entre before him. Lord Baelish offered Sansa a seat on the elegant red sofa that lined one wall of his office. Sansa, still fearful and unsure of her actions nervously wrung her hands, keeping her gaze down on his carpeted floor. She felt the couch shift as Lord Baelish sat down close beside her.

"My lady, what can I do for you?" his tone was soft and soothing as his eyes took in her form, discreetly looking Sansa up and down.

"I...I... my lord" Sansa quickly stammered out before Lord Baelish laid his hands over her own interrupting her for a moment.

"Petyr, please." He cooed softly, leaving his hands on hers; surprised and pleased she had not pulled away.

"Petyr, forgive me I..." Sansa stuttered again before finally pulling herself and her nerves together. "As your aware Lord Baelish, that since King Joffery murdered my father, there has

been some debate as to what to do with me.” Sansa finally took her blue eyes off the floor and looked Lord Baelish in the face.

“I am my lady.” Lord Baelish gave her a soulful look, showing his condolences.

“I...I overheard the queen mother and Lord Tywin speaking; they plan to wed me to the imp.”

Sansa took a deep breath while soft silent tears began to run down her pale face.

“What an unfortunate turn of events my lady.” Lord Baelish replied while tightening his grip on her in hopes of giving her a sense of ease.

“Lord...Petyr, I have no desire to marry the imp and... I was wondering what it would cost for your help in this matter?” Sansa moved on hand out from under Lord Baelish’s grasp to wipe the tears that had fallen as she waited for his response.

Feigning slight surprise on his face, Lord Baelish was curious to see just how desperate the young Sansa Stark was.

“Cost my lady?” hiding his smile in response.

“I am not entirely ignorant my lord, I know everything has a price. I’m wondering what yours is. To get me out of this engagement; maybe even away from King’s Landing?”

Lord Baelish couldn’t help the smile that shone on his face anymore. She was desperate, and had shown her hand entirely to him. Sansa clearly hadn’t heard the current news of her family; as she was speaking of marriage. Her brother Robb and mother Catelyn had been murdered by Elder Frey at what was now being called the red wedding. Her younger brother’s already rumored to be dead by the Greyjoy boy and with Arya still missing; Sansa had become a very valuable asset. Lord Baelish had the key to the north before him, pegging for his help and she didn’t even know. How sweet he thought; if perhaps just slightly too easy for him to get everything he wanted.

“Sansa” Lord Baelish whispered leaning even closer into her. “As it happens, I might be able to help you. I might even be able to get you out of the city. I’m waiting for word on an assignment that will take me far away from the capital. When I sail away I might be able to take you with me. But...” Lord Baelish leaned in closer still that Sansa could smell the cool mint on his breath as she continued to stare into his grey-green eyes.

“But” Lord Baelish continued “...your property of the crown, stealing you would be treason. If you were to tell just one...”

“I won’t tell anyone, I promise” Sansa interrupted him

“How do I know?” Lord Baelish questioned

“Because I’m a terrible liar, you said so yourself. Please Lord Baelish tell me what to do, tell me when.” Sansa pleaded with Lord Baelish as tears began to fall from her face again. Lord Baelish moved his left hand to wipe the tears away as he gently stroked her warm flush cheek.

“You’ll need to be ready to leave on a moment’s notice.” Lord Baelish smiled at Sansa, delighted by the evening’s events as she nodded in agreement.

The temptation to lean in the rest of the way and take Sansa here and now on his couch was beginning to strain him. Lord Baelish finally moved away from Sansa, crossing the room to the pitcher of wine, pouring Sansa a cup. He walked it over to her as she composed herself from her pleading; knowing she still didn’t have her answer. Sansa took the wine from Lord Baelish with shaking hands, watching him turn his back again to pour himself a cup. Sansa let the deep flavor of the spiced wine slide down her throat before asking her question again.

“Lord Baelish, the matter of compensation for stealing me as you put it?” Sansa took another sip before continuing not allowing Lord Baelish to speak quite yet. “See, I’ve been thinking, how dangerous it would be, not only for me but for you...”

“Oh I have a price in mind my lady; one I’m hoping you will be more than agreeable too.” As Lord Baelish smiled at Sansa before taking a sip of his wine; Sansa couldn’t help but notice his smile didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“I’m sure I’ll find your price agreeable my lord.” Sansa stood from the couch, placing her cup

down as she stepped towards Lord Baelish. “You’ve been so kind to me, I’d feel terrible if anything should happen to you. So I am happy to pay you for any trouble that may befall you in helping me escape.” Sansa took Lord Baelish’s hand and brought it to her lips, placing a soft kiss to the back of his hand; showing her gratitude.

“I can’t tell you how touched I am for your concern for my welfare.” Lord Baelish moved his hand under Sansa’s chin pulling her closer still as he spoke. “I hope you know that I’m your true friend Sansa, your true friend.”

“I do Lord Baelish” Sansa whispered

“Petyr” he corrected her

“Petyr” Sansa whispered back before Lord Baelish wrapped his other hand around the back of her waist, tilling her head slightly as he pulled her gently placing his lips on hers. Sansa could taste the mix of mind and wine as Lord Baelish tested the waters, deepening their kiss ever so slightly before Sansa finally pulled away with a look of shock.

# Games

## Chapter Notes

Thanks you all for the kudos and comments on chapter one!  
I honestly have no idea where this fic is going or how long it will be, but I'm having fun writing it. Any thoughts or suggestions would be appreciated.

Hope you all enjoy chapter 2 ;)

Sansa slowly backed away from Lord Baelish as he dropped his hands letting her move. He wanted her yes, but not by force. When he took her, she'd be asking, begging him. Lord Baelish watched as Sansa took her few short paces back; a look of shock and surprise upon her face. Sansa knew that Lord Baelish had a fondness for her, as he had for her mother Catelyn; but Sansa had never imagined him wanting her. Though Sansa did not find Lord Baelish unattractive by any means, she took the opportunity to properly look Lord Baelish over. Sansa didn't find him to be unattractive, in fact she rather handsome; older than she had typically preferred suitors to be but she could look pasted that. His slim figure and short dark hair with the grey painted on each side, his soft grey-green eyes and charming smile. Sansa had noticed how Lord Baelish was always finely dressed and his silver mockingbird pin continuously pulling his attire together. No Sansa found him quite attractive, more so than she had truly realized which surprised her. Finding her drink and taking a large sip Sansa turned back to Lord Baelish who stood, unmoving in his spot patiently waiting to see what she would do.

"Your price for helping me?" Sansa asked without hesitation.

"My price my lady, is you." Lord Baelish stated without pause. He knew exactly what he wanted and she had come to him pleading for help. Lord Baelish could see the fear on Sansa's face; any colour she had quickly drained from as she caught his meaning. He stood patient, watching her decide her next move.

Sansa stood facing Lord Baelish, wringing her hands in angst trying to decide what she wanted. Sansa knew that Lord Baelish could help her, get her out of King's Landing but was she willing to give him her virginity? True he would be risking his own life for hers, is it a fair trade or was he asking too much? Sansa had not thought he'd want her, gold perhaps, or a piece of land in Winterfell? She had hoped his price would be something she could pay once she was home again. But giving herself, she had never imagined it like this. Sansa had always dreamed of lying with her husband, after all her mother had raised her to be a proper lady and true ladies wait until their wedding night. Sansa looked Lord Baelish over again, considering all her options, knowing she would have to respond to him soon. Could she give herself to him? Should she? Or perhaps, could she turn this around and convince Lord Baelish to wait? Wed her first before lying with her? Yes Sansa thought, he's handsome, wealthy, smart and resourceful, she could do worse for a husband. Joffery was worse and Sansa had no idea how the imp would be as a husband, and Lord Baelish had always been good to her, treated her well. Maybe she thought?

"Lord Baelish, as I'm sure you're aware I cannot simply give myself to you. I can only give myself to my husband." Sansa held her ground as she spoke, trying to keep her voice from shaking as she tried to play his game.

"Your husband, my lady?" Lord Baelish responded curiously as he finally put his cup of wine down and taking slow steady steps towards her as he spoke. He could see her shaking in fear and

admired her determination to play their little game. “And here I thought you were here because you didn’t want a husband? He stopped just in front of her with a grin on his face, happy to string her along for a bit, curious to see just how far she would go for freedom.

“I don’t want the imp for a husband. I’m not oppose to a husband in general.” She gave him a coy smile as she found herself enjoying their banter and sly looks. It seemed the longer she stayed in his presences, the more she was adapting to his ways. Sansa stood, facing Lord Baelish; his body stood mere inches away, she could almost taste the mint and wine on him again. She thought of all the things he could teach her, all the things they could do, it excited her. Sansa had shifted closer to Lord Baelish without thought, slowly closing the gap between them as she wondered on his response.

Lord Baelish caught her movements, inching closer into his grasp. He knew she would cave, let him lay her down and show her all the delightful pleasures a man could bestow a woman. He knew she was still a virgin, green and full of wonder of what happens between a man and a woman; he so desperately wanted to be the first to taste her. He was impressed by her though; her quick play of marriage, Lord Baelish had always planned on marrying her on his climb to the Iron Throne, just not quite this soon. He was to wed her aunt Lysa Arryn of the Vale first, gaining the east only to, after an appropriate amount of time conveniently lose his deranged wife and become Lord Protector of the Vale. After securing the east would be then marry Sansa securing the north. However, Lord Baelish knew without a doubt he would not have Sansa this night or any without a least a promise of marriage. She was too good and innocent to accept anything less. He would simply have to gain the east some other way Lord Baelish thought as he slowly wrapped his arm around Sansa’s waist, pulling her in again against his chest. Starring down into her soft blue eyes, curbing every desire not to simply throw her down on his couch and ravish her here and now. No he thought he wanted to hear her beg him for it, beg him to taste her and be her first.

Surprisingly enough Sansa didn’t fight Lord Baelish as he wrapped his arm around her brining her in close. She closed her eyes for a moment as she inhaled his minty sent; almost willing to surrender her upbringing and shed her dress letting him take her. Sansa had heard many rumors of what goes on in his brothel, what men and woman would do and how pleasing it’s meant to be. She couldn’t help but wonder what kind of lover Lord Baelish would be? Rough? Gentle? Kind? Demanding? Selfish? Giving? The longer she stood in his arms the more she wanted to find out. She could see the lust in Lord Baelish’s eyes as he starred down at her; he licked his bottom lip in anticipation of her consent.

“And do you have a husband in mind my lady?” Lord Baelish whispered in Sansa’s ear as his free hand slowly began to wander over her silk gown, grazing over her bound breasts.

“I...I...” Sansa could hardly find the words as Lord Baelish began to kiss her neck, just below her ear. She had never experienced anything like it before, resulting in a fiery pressure in the pit of her stomach. His skilled fingers found the lace around her chest as he gently pulled the material aside, revealing more skin as he dipping his fingers down just grazing her breast.

Lord Baelish continued to suckle on Sansa’s neck until he heard a small moan escape from her lips; he smiled against her skin knowing it would not be long now.

“Husband, my lady, remember? Who did you have in mine?” Lord Baelish asked again knowing full well he had made her forget all about their little game. He tightened his grasp upon her as he continued to gently kiss and nip at her neck, moving up to her soft cheek before placing his lips on hers once again. This time Sansa didn’t hesitate when he moved to kiss her, but met him eagerly basking in his sweet taste of mint and wine. Allowing Lord Baelish to kiss her, she yielded to him, begging him entry as he deepened their kiss walking her backwards and down onto the couch. He broke their kiss only for want of air and to finally make Sansa voice her true desires.

Shifting back slightly out of Lord Baelish's hold creating a small distance between them, with a fire in her eye she finally said what he had been waiting for:

"You, Lord Baelish" Sansa said with all the sweetness in her voice that she could muster

"Petyr" he corrected her

"Petyr" she whispered as she leaned up again, pressing her lips to his initiating their kiss.

# Taste

## Chapter Notes

sorry this chapter took so long to get up. RL got in the way.

Happy reading ;)

Lord Baelish wasted no time in following Sansa's lead; thrilled when she moved to kiss him first he plunged forward meeting her halfway ready to taste her again. He wanted to urge her further, test the waters and see just how far he could take her this night. As he increased the pressure on her lips, enticing her to part her lips just enough to beg him entry. Lord Baelish smiled as he heard her moan slightly giving him the opportunity to slip in.

Sansa could feel his growing manhood just under her abdomen and fear quickly set in. She had gotten so wrapped up in his sweet minted kiss that she had forgotten why she was there. Finding the strength to pull away Sansa moved her arms to Lord Baelish's chest pushing him back; breaking their passion and creating some distance between them.

"No, wait" Sansa panted as she tried to catch her breath and regain her senses.

With a disappointing look Lord Baelish backed away; respecting the space she was demanding.

"Forgive me, my lady" Lord Baelish breathed out as he readjusted his breeches; his blood was running hot and he craved release.

Sansa shifted back, straitening herself. "I'm sorry Lord Baelish, we mustn't... I can't... until..." Sansa drifted off losing her words, staring down at the flood in shame of what she was allowing Lord Baelish to do; Sansa had felt him, and his hands began to wander down her body. Sansa wasn't sure she was ready for a man to know her body yet. She was enjoying Lord Baelish's hands and kisses more than she had meant too; Sansa needed to focus and having Lord Baelish so close wasn't helping.

Lord Baelish understood Sansa's hesitation, for a moment he had forgotten just how naive and innocent she really was. He wanted nothing more than to free her from her childhood, show her all the pleasures he could bestow on her and turn her into the woman he knew she could be.

"I understand my lady. Forgive me. You are so beautiful, I got carried away" Lord Baelish flattered her to ease her mind, trusting she would not run from him. He turned from her giving her time to settle her thoughts; he went back to the pitcher of wine and poured himself another cup. Taking a deep breath and staring out into the city Lord Baelish noticed how late the night was, dawn would be approaching soon and he could not have Sansa in his establishment when the sun rose. Lord Baelish turned back to Sansa; he noticed her flush face and couldn't wait to show her more of his world, to teach her the pleasures this world truly had to offer. He knew she was scared, this life held so many horrible unknowns for her, she had already experienced torment and the hands of King Joffrey and though Lord Baelish knew that Tyrion would never actually harm Sansa, she would find no pleasure being married to the imp; he doubted she'd even let him touch her. Lord Baelish had to think quickly, she had to leave soon and he wanted a plan in place before she left. A marriage had to happen, either to himself which was the more preferred match or to Tyrion. If Sansa married him before anyone noticed then Tywin and Cersei couldn't do a thing



about it. Not even the Lannister's could break the bonds of marriage.

"Sansa" Lord Baelish started as he moved back towards her sitting down beside her, taking her hands in his. "Will you take me as your husband?" he asked the question already knowing the answer.

"Yes" Sansa breathed, still a little swept away from the evening's events.

"Good" Lord Baelish smiled as he brought her hands to his lips placing a gentle kiss on the back of them. "Tomorrow night then; I'll send Ros to fetch you just before dark. Once you are wed the Lannister's will not be able to harm you, do you understand? They won't be able to force you into marrying Tyrion or anyone else. I promise, no harm will ever come to you. King Joffrey won't torment you anymore. Lord Baelish could see the relief in Sansa as she took in his words. He couldn't help but feel for the poor girl, after everything she had been put through; he felt a twinge of pride in her, coming to him seeking a way to defy the Lannister's, it was bravery he didn't know she had in her. He couldn't wait to develop that bravery into more; curious if she would ever want to seek revenge on them for all the years of abuse she endured by King Joffrey's hands. Lord Baelish couldn't help the smirk that came across his face, knowing that in less than twenty-four hours he would have destroyed any hope the Lannister's had for the north and have Sansa screaming his name in pleasure. He leaned into her once more placing a soft gentle kiss on her cheek. Lord Baelish could tell Sansa was still unsure and afraid; she was venturing into new territory and wasn't entirely sure she knew what she was doing. Looking into her ocean blue eyes he knew of the perfect solution to her distress and confusion, before she left him this evening Sansa Stark would have no anxiety of the path they were on.

"Sansa you will need to sneak back into your chambers soon, before the sun rises." Lord Baelish kept his voice light and soft as he spoke, knowing how confused she would be in the moments to come. "Before you go, would you permit me one last taste?" His smile was soft and sweet but Sansa noticed that it did not quite reach his grey-green eyes that were becoming dark and lustful once again.

Sansa realized the time and agreed that she would have to leave soon. She thought of his request and truly saw no harm in giving him one last kiss before departing; after all she was to be his wife by next nightfall. Not fully trusting her own voice Sansa nodded her head in agreement. She had honestly expected Lord Baelish to simply lean into her again and give her a kiss goodnight; instead he knelt down before her and slowly pushed her skirts up above her thighs and parted her legs wide enough for him to sit between them.

"Lord Baelish" Sansa nearly yelled in confusion and utter shock.

"Shhh sweetling, we wouldn't want anyone coming in know would we?" He smirked as he continued to push her garments aside. "I told you I want a taste."

Before Sansa could protest anymore she felt Lord Baelish's fingers graze her womanhood. The feeling sent a desired chill up her spine, surprised by the unexpected sensation. Lord Baelish bowed his head and kissed the inside of her right thigh as his fingers continued to explore her untouched lips until they found her sensitive mound and began to massage her intact pearl. He smiled against her smooth skin as she shuttered at his touch and the sighs that quickly began to escape from her. He moved his kisses up her thigh inching closer to her sex only to move instead to her left thigh. He felt Sansa's hand grip his shoulder as she let another soft moan drip from her mouth. He relished from every sound he pulled from her knowing they would only increase as he continued.

Sansa couldn't help the building pressure Lord Baelish's fingers and lips were causing. She had no idea what he was doing but she never wanted him to stop. She couldn't contain the shutter her

body made when he kissed the inside of her thigh; the stubble from his facial hair tickled her and she couldn't stop the moans and groans she was releasing into the room. Sansa gripped Lord Baelish's shoulder and the underside of the couch as he continued his ministrations on her. Just as Sansa was about to get lost in his touch Lord Baelish removed his fingers, before Sansa could fully feel the loss he replaced them with his mouth and Sansa had to bite her bottom lip at the sensation to stop her from yelling out completely.

Lord Baelish enjoyed every wiggle Sansa made during his assault on her; he held her hips in place as he licked and sucked and kissed her relishing in the knowledge that he was the first. He didn't typically like virgins but Sansa was different; he couldn't stand the thought of someone else knowing her, tasting her, pulling the sweet sounds from her mouth. No he wanted to be the only one to make her squeal and moan. She was his and no one else's. He could feel Sansa getting close to her climax; she was muttering incoherently and with every motion of his tongue. Lord Baelish was determined to pull his name from her lips before he was through.

Sansa didn't think she could last much longer under Lord Baelish's attention. Her body was beginning to clench and the pressure was becoming unbearable. She could feel Lord Baelish's tongue move faster within her and her mind went blank; all she could think of was the unbelievable pleasure she was experiencing. Sansa prayed it would never stop. She had no idea a man could entice such a feeling. Unable to control herself Sansa could hear herself getting louder with each flick of his stilled tongue. "Petyr" she moaned out as the building pressure finally broke and she felt a wave of ecstasy flood through her entire body before she slowly started to relax.

Lord Baelish drained Sansa dry as she finally reached her peak, savoring the sound of his name on her lips, knowing he brought her to that point. He slowed his pace before retreating from her entirely. Lord Baelish placed a few gentle kisses on her inner thigh once more before pushing himself back up and lowering Sansa's skirts back down. Staying on his knees between her legs he gazed up at Sansa, his eyes dark and full of lust, knowing he'd take himself in hand after she had gone. Sansa was flush and glowing; he leaned up on his knees, watching Sansa catch her breath

"A taste, for both of us sweetling" Lord Baelish whispered before taking her lips in a deep kiss.

## Knowledge

Sansa had found her way back into the castle and up into her chambers without being seen. Throwing herself down onto her feather bed, she re-played the night's events. Her head still spinning from Lord Baelish's advances towards her and she couldn't wait for more. She knew she should be ashamed by their actions and should not have permitted Lord Baelish such liberties with her, but the thrill she got playing his game, enticing him to help her, even sharing in his kisses and advances; Sansa was intoxicated by him and craved what he could give her, teach her. Turning her head looking out the window, Sansa decided she had a few more hours before sunrise; she drifted off to sleep in a matter of seconds with Lord Baelish consuming her dreams.

Sansa's handmaid Shae woke her with what felt like mere minutes of sleep. Shae shook Sansa awake telling her it was already mid-day. Sitting up in her bed and wiping the sleep away she finally focused on Shae.

"Why are you still in your dress from yesterday?" Shae questioned.

"I must have forgotten; I was so tired yesterday." Sansa lied poorly and Shae knew it. Choosing to ignore the lie Shae went to choose a fresh dress for Sansa to change into. Sansa not wanting to get up yet, laid back down and stretched out feeling a slight ache from Lord Baelish's passionate taste the night before.

"Are you getting up today?" Shae asked with an annoyed tone. Sansa knew she should, she had to prepare for tonight, remembering she was to wed Lord Baelish at nightfall.

"I'll run you a bath shall I?" Shae asked, Sansa agreed deciding a hot bath would be good.

Sansa noticed that despite how tired she felt, she was also more relaxed than she had in her whole life. Relaxed and at ease, knowing Sansa would not have to marry the imp Tyrion and no longer be Joffrey's play-thing to torment; Sansa was finally starting to feel like herself again. Thinking of the life she would share with Lord Baelish, wondering what it will be like. He would be kind to her, she was sure of that and she believed that her marriage bed would always be interesting; if Lord Baelish could make her squeal with just his tongue she couldn't wait to see what he did with the rest of his body. Sansa couldn't help but blush at the memory of Baelish kissing her in her most private of places. Her mind continued to wander over and about Baelish until Shae called to her telling her her bath was ready. Lost in a daze Sansa slowly shed her cloths and lowered herself into the warm water. Closing her eyes and feeling the warm water surround her, Sansa couldn't help but wish Baelish was in the large tub with her; she longed to feel his skilled fingers, his lips on her body again. The thought of Baelish caused a familiar feeling to grow in the pit of her stomach; a low building pressure began to form deep within her. Sansa was craving him and she hated that she'd have to wait. Trailing her hands down and over her slim body remembering how his fingers felt within her, Sansa couldn't help but wonder if she could make Baelish moan as she had? If she could kiss him like he kissed her? Sansa hated her limited knowledge of men, wishing she knew what to do or say the way Baelish seemed to.

Sansa took a leisurely long bath wanting to be extra clean for Baelish. When the water had run cold Sansa finally got out wrapping herself and headed back towards her bed knowing Shae had laid a dress out for her. Shae had laid out a simple blue dress with a gold trim. Sansa stood staring at the dress feeling she wanted something more for today; knowing she would not change again till after her wedding Sansa wanted to look her absolute best for Baelish. Moving past her bed and the blue dress, Sansa found her closet and shifted through her gowns until she found the one that suited the day.

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Lord Baelish had to work quickly if he was going to marry the key to the north; he had to make

sure no one found out. Already instructing Ros to fetch Sansa right at sunset and make sure she got to the Godswood without being seen. He had just finished paying off his men ensuring no one came near or would see his marriage to Sansa.

Walking down the hall, heading outside Baelish was stopped by a young boy holding a note

*'Come to the small council chamber at once. Emergency meeting.'*

Baelish read and immediately changed direction towards the throne room to cut through to meet the fellow council members. As he walked in Baelish was Varys standing before the throne reading a piece of parchment. Baelish could only assume the parchment was the same note he had received.

"Lord Varys" Baelish called out.

"Lord Baelish" Varys turned to face Baelish while tucking the parchment into his robe. "My little birds tell me you've been rather busy today. It couldn't have anything to do with the young Sansa Stark now could it?" Varys asked inquisitively.

"Sansa Stark? Now what would give you that idea?" Baelish crooked his brow as though confused.

"My little birds also tell me they saw the pretty young wolf leaving your establishment rather late last night." Varys gave Baelish a curious smile wondering how he would talk his way out of this one.

"Is that so?" Baelish hid his annoyance well at Varys; he didn't need him getting in the way of his plans.

"If the king got word of the young girl wandering out of the castle and into your establishment that could make things rather difficult for you wouldn't it. Mind you, you always did enjoy the gapping pit that is chaos." Varys smiled as he ushered a warning to Lord Baelish.

"Chaos isn't a pit. Chaos is a ladder. Best you remember that my friend." Baelish smirked.

"Oh I will my friend, I will" Varys returned Baelish's smirk as they both turned to head into the small council's chamber.

As they entered Baelish noted how Cersei and Joffrey were joining them. Lord Tywin sat at the head of the table with Cersei to his left; Joffrey was prancing around the table as though he had a secret he couldn't wait to share, while Lord Tyrion and Grand Maester Pycelle sat on the right. Varys and Baelish took the last two remaining chairs and waited for Lord Tywin to commence the meeting. Before Tywin could speak however, Joffrey interjected with absolute glee.

"Robb Stark is dead!" he loudly boasted. "And his mother!"

Lord Baelish kept his face blank as he inwardly grieved for Catelyn.

"Yes, yes" Tywin cut in. "So Lord Baelish is everything ready for you to bring Lysa Arryn back into the fold?"

"Yes, I leave for the Eyre on the morning tide tomorrow." Baelish kept his mask perfectly in place as he spoke.

"Good, now Tyrion you will replace Baelish as master of coin and you will marry Sansa Stark in three days' time." Lord Tywin spoke stern and his tone was intended to go unchallenged.

"WHAT!" Joffrey expressed rather loudly. "NO! The Stark girl is mine! You can't give her to my uncle." Joffrey was yelling, not wanting his 'toy' to be taken away.

"I can and I have." Tywin explained. "You will marry Lady Margaery securing Highgarden and your uncle will marry Sansa ensuring the north once and for all."

The chamber was silent. No one dared spoke as all eyes were on Lord Tywin and Joffrey. Tyrion

sat shaking his head in disbelief of what he was hearing, however Tyrion also knew that tone in his father's voice and knew now was not the time to argue the matter. Tywin having said everything he needed stood up from the table and left. Cersei slowly followed suit with a humorous smile on her face as though she had just won a great battle. Grand Maester Pycelle having said nothing slowly stood from his chair and shuffled out as well.

Varys, Tyrion and Baelish all remained seated and silent as they processed the news. Robb and Catelyn's death, Sansa's marriage to Tyrion all needed deep thought. Baelish, though saddened by the death of Catelyn did not allow it to cloud his mind for too long. His plans remained unchanged. He would marry Sansa and leave King's Landing before anyone was the wiser; leaving a message for Varys through his 'little birds' of their wedding knowing that before long it would spread through all of King's Landing for all to speculate over. Only by then it be too late.

## Treason

The sun had just finished setting as Lord Baelish stood before the heart tree in the Godswood with the septon he had paid heavily. The Godswood was completely empty and silent, just as Lord Baelish had planned. Both men stood in complete silence as they waited for Ros and Sansa to arrive. Lord Baelish watched the sky turn a pinkish-orange shade as the sun fully disappeared and Ros and Sansa slowly entered the Godswood. Lord Baelish shifted the cloak he held as he watched Sansa slowly walk towards him, his grey-green eyes widened as Sansa fully came into view. Lord Baelish had never seen a more beautiful sight; Sansa's Tully red hair was up in a braided bun with loose strands of hair framing her young face. Sansa wore a light off-white gown with silver lace trimming. The gown hugged her slim form and extenuated all her womanly features. As Sansa moved closer to Lord Baelish, he could see that on the right side of her gown, framing her chest appeared to be a silver mockingbird. Sansa had sewn it into her dress in honour of her future-husband's house. Sansa was stunning and Lord Baelish had to remind himself to breathe for a moment as he took in her beauty. He found he could not pull his gaze from her.

Sansa stopped just before Lord Baelish with Ros closely behind her. Sansa looked from Lord Baelish, up at the heart tree and to the septon before turning her attention back onto Lord Baelish. His salt and peppered black hair was perfectly in place while he wore the finest silk money could buy as usual. Lord Baelish's robes were a dark green and black with his silver mockingbird pinned just under his collar tying his entire appearance together perfectly. He looked pristine and composed like always. Sansa couldn't help but wonder if she would ever see him in more casual attire or if he always dressed to the nines.

Lord Baelish took the cloak he was holding and wrapped it around Sansa before taking her hand and turned them both to face the septon. The septon took a piece of rose coloured ribbon and wrapped it around their joined hand as he spoke

"In the sight of the seven, I hereby see these two souls, binding them as one for eternity. Look upon one another and say the words." The septon dropped his hands after wrapping the ribbon and waited for them to speak.

Lord Baelish and Sansa turned to face each other as they both spoke the words:

"Father. Smith. Warrior. Mother. Maiden. Crone. Stranger. I am his/hers and s/he is mine, from this day, till the end of my days."

After saying the vows before the old gods and the new Lord Baelish leaned in and placed a soft kiss on Sansa's lips. They were wed and there was nothing the Lannister's could do about it. Lord Baelish turned to the septon and bit him to leave while pulling a small pouch of coin and handing it to him. Lord Baelish knew that the septon's silence could only be bought for a short while but it was just long enough for them to sail his new bride away to the fingers. Lord Baelish needed the Lannister's to learn of his marriage to Sansa, have them know that he now held the key to the north but he was happy with the knowledge that they wouldn't learn of the news till they were out of Kings Landing and safely on their way to the Fingers.

Sansa watched as the septon walked away with his coins, she brought her attention back to her husband scared and excited for what was to come. Curious as to where this union would take her, if she could really go back home to the north one day? Thoughts began to swarm Sansa's mind, would Lord Baelish want to go to the north or would he want to live elsewhere? The more she thought about it the less confident she became. What were her husband's plans? She knew that their marriage was his price for taking her away from Kings Landing and preventing her marriage to Tyrion but beyond that she hadn't thought. As they walked out of the Godswood Sansa thought

back to the previous night wondering how exactly she got to this point. She had been so distracted by his touches, his kisses that she didn't really think all this through. Yes she wanted his help, yes she wanted this marriage rather than the imp and a marriage had to be had; the Lannister's would have seen to that one way or another, and yes she wanted out of Kings Landing. However, Lord Baelish or Littlefinger as she had heard him referred to, was known for his schemes and plots; known for switching sides when convenient and serving his own self-interest. Sansa had to figure out how to make her interests a line with her husbands and ensure he does not grow board of her.

Lord Baelish held a smile on his face the entire walk to his chambers. He noted how silent Sansa was and chalked it up to her nerves. Everything was going as planned. Ros had gone to bring Sansa's trunk to his ship and would remain there, and join them for the journey as Sansa's new handmaid. He had successfully married the key to the north without anyone finding out and he was about to finally have his beautiful bride. He relished in his taste of her the night before and was simply itching for more, even know as they walked down the dark vacant streets he was longing to run his hands over her silk dress and feel her entirely. He had wanted Sansa Stark since the day he saw her at King Robert's tourney for her father Eddard Stark. She had looked exactly like Catelyn had at her age; yet as he saw Sansa more, learnt of her likes and dislikes, watched her in the keep he had come to adore her for herself, she was so much more than Catelyn ever could be and far more beautiful and now she was all his.

Darkness had fully fallen as Baelish lead Sansa inside his establishment and up into his personal chambers. No one had seen them, Baelish made sure of that. They had a couple of hours before departing for the fingers and Baelish had every intention of ravishing his new bride numerous times before they set sail. His establishment was continuously close to the harbour and they would only need a few moments to board his ship. Having all they would need already safely on board, Baelish wanted no interruptions or distractions on his wedding night.

# Sailing

## Chapter Notes

So so so sorry this chapter took me so long to post.

Well this is the end for the price of treason. Thank you all for following and reading along. I hope you guys have enjoyed this story as much as I've enjoyed writing it. :)

Sansa stood facing Lord Baelish's large feather bed; their feather bed, she had to remind herself. Sansa heard Baelish close the chamber door behind him and she grew excited and curious to how her new husband would make her feel. Remembering the previous night when Lord Baelish took his 'taste' she could hardly wait to see and feel what else he'd do.

Lord Baelish walked up to his wife, wrapping his arms around her slim waist as he pressed his lips to the nape of her neck. Placing soft kisses up and down Sansa's neck Baelish moved his hands to her shoulders gripping her cloak and gently untying it letting it drop to the floor. Sansa couldn't help but lean into Baelish's embrace as he continued his gentle assault on her neck; Baelish was determined to continue till he made Sansa moan out in anticipated pleasure which didn't take long. Sansa moved her arms up wrapping them around Baelish's head, tangling her fingers through his hair as he continued to move down her neck, moving his lips to her collarbone. Baelish moved his hand to Sansa's back slowly unlacing her wedding gown. His skilled fingers didn't take long as he began to slide Sansa's dress down her pert body. Sansa couldn't help but drop her arms back down as her husband removed her dress.

As Sansa stepped out of her dress she finally turned around to face Baelish; her hand gently grazed over his silver mockingbird pin, as she chewed on her lower lip wanting to tear off his expensive cloths but too timid to be so forward. She gazed up into her husband's grey-green eyes that were becoming darker and darker by the minute; her fingers continued to play with the mockingbird pin on his chest as she tried to quickly make up her mind on her next move. Baelish could see the hesitation on Sansa's face so he waited; calm and collective letting her set the pace for their evening. He knew she would get there but being a virgin, he also knew that she would be unsure of how to proceed and take the lead. Baelish was curious to see if Sansa had it in her to take charge or if she would fall back and let him lead their night of passion. Either way, Baelish was happy and eager so he stood silent as his young bride made up her mind.

"At your pace, love" Lord Baelish whispered softly giving Sansa a sense of easement.

Looking up at Baelish and his gentle smile she knew he only saved for her, she decided to go all in. Leaning up into him she took his lips in hers and kissed him with more force then she meant too. Baelish understood what she was trying to accomplish and eases her into a passionate kiss taking control and dominating their exchange. As their tongues dances with each other Sansa began to up button his cloak, letting it drop down to the floor next to her dress. Baelish's hands went back to Sansa's shoulders restraining himself from pulling her chase down and throwing her onto the bed.

Losing herself in their kiss Sansa realized just how much she prefers Baelish leading and wanting to just follow his lead.

"Mmmm" Sansa moaned as she pulled away slightly. "How about at your pace?" she



made her voice sound as seductive as she could. Feeling much calmer, knowing he would take the lead and she could just follow and learn.

Baelish didn't need to be told twice. He wasted no more time as he picked Sansa up around the waist and gently tossed her on the bed. He un-tucked his undershirt and kicked off his boots before moving to loom over Sansa; taking her right ankle he removed her shoe and stocking placing a soft kiss on her foot before repeating the process with her left. Baelish slowly worked his way up her legs placing soft kisses all the way up her legs; driving Sansa mad with excited anticipation.

Sansa couldn't help but squirm as Baelish's facial hair tickled her legs; as Baelish's lips moved higher on her legs and into her inner thighs she felt that building pressure begin to build low in the pit of her stomach, no lower she realized. Baelish moved Sansa's legs further apart as he made his way up her body, the closer Baelish got to Sansa's core the more she squirmed. He braced her hips down as he claimed his prize of Sansa's intoxicating scent.

Sansa couldn't stop the gasp that escaped her as Baelish's tongue hit her sweet spot. Her hands wandered down into his soft hair mussing it up as her skilled husband wasted no time in bringing her to her climax; it was as intoxicating as the previous night, making her head spin. Sansa felt a few soft kisses on her inner thigh before she felt Baelish begin to kiss his way up her body pulling her chase up along with him. Sansa sat up and pulled the chase off over her head as Baelish's lips found hers. She could taste herself on his lips with a faint mix of mint. Her breathing had begun to level out as she came down from her high.

The more relaxed Sansa became the braver she felt. As Baelish ran his smooth hands up and down her body while placing soft kisses on every inch of her flushed form. Sansa gripped the bottom edge of Baelish's shirt and lifted it up off his body adding it to the growing pile of cloths on the floor. Sansa took a quick moment to examine Baelish's chest and his upper torso. He was lean but muscular, soft dark chest hair divided by a long jagged scar running from his navel to his collarbone. Sansa had heard rumors of his scar, how he got it, how her uncle nearly killed him over her mother; Sansa never thought she'd ever actually see it though. After a moment Sansa realized that Baelish had stopped kissing her and running his fingers over her body, Baelish had followed Sansa's eyes to his scar where she was staring and gently running her fingers up and down it. Finally pulling her eyes away from his chest, Sansa looked up into Baelish's darkened grey-green eyes. Silence filled the room for a moment while both Sansa and Baelish waited to see who would speak first; Sansa deciding she didn't want to talk about his scar or what it represents, she leaned up on her elbows and kissed Baelish with every fiber of her being. Relieved that Sansa was going to ignore his scar Baelish dominated their kiss as he moved himself over her body which forced Sansa to lie flat on her back again. Relinquishing her lips for a moment Baelish sat up and undid the laces of his trousers, tugging them off and tossing them onto the pile on the floor. Lowering himself back down over Sansa parting her legs to nuzzle himself between them; he returned to place a chaste kiss on Sansa's lips before moving down her neck as his hands massaged her breasts.

Sansa could feel Baelish's erect member pressed against her inner thigh as he kissed her neck, she loved the feel of his hands on her breasts, the circular motions his fingers made. Her hands wrapped around Baelish's back pulling him as close to her body as she could; craving the pressure his firm body provided. Sansa kissed Baelish's cheek, neck, shoulders, anywhere her lips could reach. Sansa couldn't help each sigh and moan that escaped her lips. Baelish, taking her lustful sounds as high praise finally lined his member with Sansa's sex and began to slowly ease himself into her. Knowing she was a virgin he would have to go slow at least at first to let her adjust to him.

Sansa couldn't help but dig her nails into Baelish's back from the immediate pressure he

provided, as Baelish pulled back before pushing himself in slightly more he could feel Sansa's nails dig even deeper. Sansa couldn't restrain the gasp that she felt as her husband slowly moved within her, turning her into a woman.

"Are you alright love?" Baelish asked softly as he continued to build the all-consuming pressure between the two of them.

"Yes" Sansa breathed out, the first initial pain she felt was gone, Sansa could finally ease into Baelish's movements and begin to enjoy herself.

Sansa pulled Baelish's face towards her taking another kiss as Baelish picked up his pace. Sansa managed to match him thrust for thrust and finding his speed. Lost in the act and passion Sansa wrapped her legs around Baelish's torso gaining a new angle and feel. The harder he moved the closer Sansa came to her second orgasm of the night.

"Fuck!" Baelish incoherently breathed out between kisses.

Baelish knew he wouldn't last much longer, needing, craving his release but not wanting to leave Sansa without. Moving his hand down her sweaty body his forefinger found Sansa's clit and began to work her over as he continued to move in and out of her building the pressure even more. Within moments both Sansa and Baelish were falling over the edge wrapped within each other. Baelish moved off of Sansa and onto his back as he tried to catch his breath, he looked over at Sansa only to see her doing the same. As they worked to catch their breaths Baelish made note of the time determining they needed to make their ways to his ship. Leaving King's Landing before news of their wedding was paramount. Baelish had no intention of being executed so soon after finally having Sansa, an activity he intended on repeating many, many more times in his life.

Rolling onto his side to face Sansa, Baelish nuzzled into her neck placing a soft kiss before he spoke:

"Mmmm, we have to get to the ship sweetling." Baelish whispered between kisses.

Sansa turned her head facing her husband with a warm smile.

"Do we have to? I'm not sure I can move!" Sansa laughed lightly.

"Well, unless you want to get caught for treason, marrying without the King's permission is punishable by death after all." Baelish kept his tone light and playful as he smirked and kissed Sansa between words "and personally love, I have no intention of dying today." And with another soft kiss Baelish rolled out of bed, retrieving his trousers off the floor and started to re-dress as he tossed Sansa her chase. With a slight pout Sansa sat up and shimmed her chase back on before getting out of bed.

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The sun had just begun to rise as Baelish's ship set sail and away from King's Landing. Baelish had never felt superior; he had successfully deceived the small council, plotting against the King by steeling Sansa away and married the key to the north all within two days. Baelish felt as though he truly out did himself this time, with the added pleasure of having Sansa in his bed, his life had never been sweeter. True he still had to decide what to do about Lysa Arryn but he was sure he'd come up with something. What was important now was the young sleeping wolf below decks in his cabin.

After settling things with the captain, Baelish made his way below to his sleeping bride. Beautiful, he thought to himself as he watched Sansa sleep; and all mine. Baelish placed a soft kiss on Sansa's forehead before removing his cloths and crawling into the bed next to Sansa.

Sansa rolled onto her side as Baelish wrapped her arms around her, snuggling in as close as he could taking in her lemony sent. Nuzzling in close Baelish let his hand wander down her body finding her sweet spot once again, dipping fingers deep inside finding her pearl. As he gently massaged her, he could feel Sansa start to stir awake, lightly panting as his name fell from her parted lips. Baelish sucked on Sansa's pulse point on her neck as she came hard into yet another climax. Before she had even come back down from her high Sansa had turned over and moved atop her husband straddling him. Sansa could feel Baelish's hard arousal as she straddled him and wasted no time in sliding down onto him.

They were less gentle the second time around. Sansa was braver and less self-aware as Baelish dug his fingers into her hips; fast and hard as Sansa rocked her hips, Baelish meeting her as he thrust harder and harder into her. He was close and from the feel and look on Sansa's flushed face he knew she was close too. With her mouth open and speaking incoherently; Baelish could see the sweat on her brow as she came hard again just before closing his eyes and following in his own climax.

Miles away from King's Landing now, Baelish had had Sansa multiple times before they began to let sleep start to take them. Just before sleep fully took them both Baelish could feel Sansa turn to him, running her hands against his chest. As he closed his eyes to the touch of her hands a question suddenly came to him:

"Tell me sweetling, was it worth it? The price of treason?" Baelish's voice was steady and curious as he leaned into her touch.

"Mmmm, defiantly worth it, and a very good start" Sansa replied.

"Start?" Baelish questioned.

"Yes, in getting what I want" Sansa said matter of factually, a tone Baelish had never heard from her before.

"And what is it you want sweetly?"

Sansa leaned up on her elbows as she placed a soft kiss on his lips

"I want them to pay Petyr. I want them all to pay for what they did to me, to my family." Sansa smiled so sweetly as she spoke, Baelish could hardly believe it.

"Oh, that we can certainly do my love." Baelish returned Sansa's smile as he kissed her back.

"Tell me was it worth it for you? The price? Committing treason for me?" Sansa tone turned sweet and enticing again; Baelish could feel himself become aroused by her once again.

With a wide smirk that didn't quite reach his lustful grey-green eyes Baelish replied:

"Oh sweetling, you were always the plan."

Baelish rolled over onto Sansa determined to have his wife at least once more before preparing to succumb to any sort of sleep.

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