

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 33

Knock, knock, knock ...

Harry looked up from his pile of reports and groaned. He had been sitting there for the last few hours going over sales figures, production reports, and many other things dedicated to his booming business. Those he found boring. As much as he enjoyed building an empire, the paperwork was something he could do without.

It wasn't all business dealings though. Some of the reports were from the spies he had planted all over the world. He had just gotten word that the Northern army of Westeros was not doing as well as the Starks had hoped. To be fair, none of the Great Houses were doing much better, his family's house included. Robb Stark was in a stalemate with his grandfather's army in the West, and both had dug their heels in. That alone was a victory for the old lion. Tywin could afford to waste time bogged down in a war that was going nowhere. It was, after all, right on his doorstep. That meant that Robb's army would have to ship their supplies all the way to the Westerlands. Under normal circumstances, that wasn't a major problem, but with winter creeping closer and closer, it was fast becoming one. The North would be the first to be hit hard by the cold. Supply lines would suffer. Robb's men would freeze while Tywin sat in his warm castle. And every day that Robb was fighting in the West, it was another day that he wasn't in the North getting his kingdom ready for what was expected to be a severely harsh and long winter. The men in his army had families, and without them there to plant their fall crops, the families would surely suffer as well. No doubt discontent was steadily setting in amongst the soldiers. Harry couldn't blame them. The Lords of Westeros sure picked a terrible time to start a war. However, for Harry, there had never been a more perfect time.

He had also received word from King's Landing. He chuckled as he read what had been going on under his cousin's rule. Pretty much everything that Harry had silently predicted had come true. Joffrey was going to be in big trouble if he didn't get things in order soon. Harry had no confidence that he would do so.

Harry groaned as he stood up. He arched his back until he heard it pop. Letting out a satisfied sigh, he walked to his door and opened it. Standing before him was Catelyn Stark, widow of the Lord of Winterfell. He had to admit, she was a good-looking woman. In her mid-thirties, Catelyn still had a very nice and fit body. Her face was quite beautiful with big, blue eyes and long lashes. Her nose was small and straight, and her lips were plump and pink. Her fair skin was smooth and unblemished, just as he expected from a Noblewoman such as herself. Her hair, of course, was what truly captured most men's attention. Long and luxurious, her auburn hair hung in loose waves down her back and over her shoulders. The color certainly was striking when the light shined off of it.

"Lady Catelyn," Harry greeted her, taking her by the hand and inviting her in. She smiled at him and accepted his hand. As she stepped in, he closed the door softly behind her. "What an unexpected surprise. I do hope that you're finding the castle well?" he asked as he led her over to a very comfortable loveseat. He sat her down and sat next to her.

"Your castle is wonderful, Your Grace. I have found nothing to dislike about it," she truthfully told him. She turned her body slightly to face him, and he did the same.

"I'm glad to hear it. Now ... Is there something I can help you with?" he asked, noticing a blush creeping over her pale cheeks.

For Catelyn's part, she was just realizing how beautiful Ser Jaime's bastard was. She stared into his eyes and studied his face. She slightly shuddered as he bestowed her with a smile. She found his muscular form to be very attractive, and suddenly wondered what it would be like to run her hands up and down his nude body. He even smelled better than anyone she had ever met ... women included. Catelyn suddenly closed her eyes and shook her head. She needed to stop with those thoughts. She was a woman who had lost her husband recently, and her family was in some serious trouble. She had more important things to worry about. Her hormones and womanly desires would just have to wait. She cleared her throat and opened her blue eyes. Sadly, upon looking at him again, she found his face to be even more desirable.

Her legs subtly closed as she felt certain stirrings between her thighs. Her nipples grew hard, but thankfully, her dress material was too thick to actually show them off. Unfortunately, she couldn't stop her face from blushing as she tried to keep her desires from showing. "Well, I ..." she began but was cut off by his beautiful smile again. Her pussy actually throbbed with need. It throbbed so hard that she squeaked slightly, and her body jumped. It was taking every ounce of her self-control to keep from reaching under her dress to pleasure herself.

"Oh, dear! Are you alright?" he asked with apparent concern. He scooted closer to her. In fact, he was so close that their legs were touching.

"Wha...?" she asked, enraptured by his closeness. "Oh, yes! I'm fine, Your Grace," she told him.

"Good. I'd hate to see you fall ill," Harry told her.

"Thank you. You're very kind," Catelyn replied.

"You're welcome. Now, what can I do for you?" he asked again. Still blushing, Catelyn answered.

"I came to your room to speak with you about my daughter."

"Sansa I presume?" Catelyn nodded. "She's a lovely girl, and I enjoy her presence," Harry admitted. "What else would you like to know?"

"She is indeed a lovely girl," Catelyn told him. "And many Lords, young and old, have asked about her."

"Have they?" Harry raised an eyebrow. He wouldn't have been surprised by that. The old men of this world could be quite lecherous when it came to taking young brides.

"Yes. It would be a shame if my son decided to marry her off for political capital," she said slyly. Harry, on the other hand, knew she was full of shit. He had met Robb, and there was no way he would marry her off unless there was no other choice. Still, Harry decided to play her game.

"That would be a shame. She is a great beauty after all," he said. "She takes after her mother," he added, staring deep into Catelyn's blue eyes. He watched as her cheeks turned pink again while she subtly squirmed in her seat. "Besides ... Once I get a beautiful woman in my castle, I don't usually let them go so easily."

"And how would you keep her here, Your Grace?" Catelyn asked him, still squirming as her lower lips became moist.

"Not just her, my dear ... Both of you," he smiled sexily.

"B-Both?" she asked, her eyes slightly wide.

"But of course," Harry smiled deviously. "A young, beautiful woman such as yourself shouldn't be left to navigate the politics of a war-torn Westeros." Catelyn didn't have much to say about that. It was very true that Westeros was dangerous at the moment. It was especially dangerous for the widow of the former Warden of the North. It was practically guaranteed that some Lord would try and force her to marry in order to gain favor with her son.

"And as for how I intend to keep you here ..." Harry placed his hand on her dress-covered knee and moved it higher and higher until he was firmly gripping her thigh. Catelyn was trembling as he leaned in and kissed the side of her neck. "One night with me and you'll be begging me to stay."

Catelyn gasped out loud when he stood up and pulled her to her feet. He grabbed her waist and spun her around so that her back was pressed against his chest. She couldn't believe what the night had turned into. She had only come up there to talk about her daughter, now she was being seduced like a common tavern wench. Even so, she didn't complain or argue against it. Instead, her eyes fluttered as he moved her long shock of auburn hair from her dainty shoulder. From behind, he towered over her, and looking up at him, she could see him staring down into her cleavage. His hands moved up from her thin waist, climbing until the sides of his hands touched the bottom of her breasts. "What do you think, Catelyn?" she heard him ask. "Will you give me one night?"

"Yes!" Catelyn gasped loudly. Arousal was dripping down the insides of her thighs, and if she didn't get some pleasure soon, she would burst. She heard the young King chuckle happily.

"You won't regret it, my darling," he teased her. Suddenly, she felt him pull the back of her dress free. The formerly tight-fitting dress became slack, and he started slowly sliding it down her body. Catelyn trembled wildly as it lowered over her breasts, allowing them to bounce free. Next, it moved down her belly, and when he reached her hips, she helped him by shimmying her body. He dropped down to a knee as her bare backside was exposed to him. She could feel his breath hitting her soft skin. The dress then completely dropped and pooled at her feet. He placed his hands on her shapely calves and began gently caressing her skin. Catelyn could feel another large bead of arousal drip down her leg. His fingertips tickled the backs of her knees, and she nearly dropped to the ground. He helped her step out of the pooled material and turn around. Catelyn's face grew very warm.

With him being down on a knee, he was at eye level with her bald mound. He could see her damp slit, and undoubtedly, he could smell her wetness. Without commenting on her body's state of arousal, he untied her boots and helped her kick them off. Now, without a stitch of clothing, Catelyn stood here bare for him, her back straight and confident. Of course, she didn't feel the way she was acting. On the inside, she was more nervous than she had ever been. It had been years since she had slept with anyone other than her husband, Ned. All of that was pushed from her mind when Harold stood up. Tall and handsome, he was over a head taller than her. He pulled the shirt from his body and allowed her to visually feast on his manliness. Catelyn eagerly took the opportunity to study every muscle on his chest and stomach. With a shaky hand, she reached out and hesitatingly touched his stomach. Her chest was rising and falling with her deep, nervous breaths. She could feel the heat from his skin as her fingertips brushed over his rock-hard abs. Not content with just a quick touch, she pressed her palms against him and moved her hands up and over his pecs. Catelyn didn't know how long she stood there touching his body, but before long, her hands found his trousers.

She opened up the button and undid his trousers. Unable to stop herself, she slipped her hand down the front of them. Instantly, she could feel the incredible heat radiating from his body as her fingers found his soft cock. Slightly annoyed that he wasn't hard yet, especially considering she was completely naked in front of him, she started groping his cock while pressing her naked tits against his chest. Her pussy tingled as her hard nipples rubbed his chest. Catelyn swallowed loudly as his palms found her naked ass. His hands were big and nearly encompassed all of her fleshy cheeks. With one hand, he squeezed and groped her while the other lifted up, then came down and spanked her with a loud smack. Yelping, her body bucked which made him laugh. She was then scooped up into his arms and carried to his large and luxurious bed.

After being placed down on it, she rolled onto her knees and watched as he kicked off his boots and lowered his trousers. Her eyes immediately zeroed in on his semi-erect cock that was hanging between his muscular thighs. She marveled at the sight of it. Even mostly soft, it was still long, thick, and impressive to behold. Catelyn began crawling forward until her face was nearly touching his flaccid cock. Her hands came up and gripped his powerful thighs. Leaning in

a bit closer, her warm breath washed over his sensitive flesh, making it jump. Her hands moved up and down, exploring his body while she opened her mouth. Tilting her head down, she moved until the head of his cock entered her mouth. Her lips suddenly snapped shut, and she started sucking on it. Slowly her head moved back and forth, taking his considerable length into her mouth. Using the skills she had learned over the decades, she pushed her head forward until her face was touching his belly. She then pulled back, sucking hard and making his half-erect cock stretch before pushing forward again. She was pleased to hear him moan just as he threaded his fingers through her long, thick hair. Feeling him grow in her mouth, she bobbed her head faster and faster. Her eyes grew large and surprised at how big he truly was. Before long, she gagged and was forced to pull back. The cock pointed at her was nearly as big as her forearm. He slowly crawled onto the bed, stroking his mighty cock. Catelyn backed up, keeping her eyes on the long pole that was swaying back and forth as he moved. Then, as fast as a snake strike, he grabbed the backs of her knees and pulled them out from under her. She flopped onto her back with her legs parted. Before she could situate herself, he had already moved between her legs.

With his hands on her knees, he held her legs open. Her slit was now fully on display. There was no way to hide the glistening petals that peeked out from between her taut, pink lips. Catelyn gasped when he let his cock rest against her hairless mound and lower belly. It was so long that she was afraid of taking it inside of her. Still, she was hornier than she had ever been and desperately wanted some relief. As such, her hips began to move on their own. Up and down they went, rubbing the underside of his shaft with her velvety soft lips. Within seconds, his cock was slick with her juices. All the while she did this, Harry was busy massaging her medium-sized breasts. Catelyn closed her eyes and bit her lower lip sensually as she arched her back. His thumb brushed against her hard nipple, making her mewl sexily with pleasure. Pinching and pulling on them made her mewl even harder.

Harry smirked as he toyed with her crinkled nipples. He couldn't wait to get Sansa in bed. While he loved older and more mature women, he also enjoyed girls Sansa and Dany's age. He loved the incredible softness of their skin. He loved how tight their bodies were. The only thing better was a mother-daughter pair. Perhaps he would even try to get them both in his bed at the same time. Looking down at Catelyn, he could see that she had lost herself to the pleasure. She was rubbing her slutty pussy all over his cock, smearing her drippings and marking him with her scent. Right now she wouldn't dream of denying him if he brought Sansa into the bed with them. However, that was something for another day. Right now he had a fresh pussy to fuck. Slipping and sliding his head between her wet lips, the tip was soon coated in her wetness. Moving it down to her opening, Harry thrust forward and claimed another Noblewoman. His collection was growing.

There was little doubt in his mind that Alerie would be staying. Cersei had plans of her own, but even so, there was no way she would leave his sphere of influence. She was too addicted to him, to his way of life, to his wealth and power, and of course, to his cock. He planned on adding Catelyn and her daughter to his collection. There was a problem with that, however. Catelyn was very loyal to the Stark family. As a member of House Tully, her family motto was Family,

Duty, Honor. It was a motto that she held close to her heart. She would put Robb Stark above her own happiness ... Harry was sure of that. Lately, he had been making plans to slowly weaken Westeros. Removing the competition would only help his empire grow. It would also soften up his former homeland if he needed to eventually move on it. Already Joffrey was doing his part. King's Landing was rotting from within. Dorne had mostly stayed out of it, and Harry would probably leave them alone ... with a few concessions. Of course, they didn't know that, and he would get everything that he could out of them when and if the time finally came. The North was strong and rugged though. They needed to be softened up. He decided to think on it some more later. At the moment, Catelyn's pussy felt too good to pass up as she clenched around him. For someone who had birthed five children, her insides were surprisingly tight. As Harry pulled back, he moaned deeply as her walls gripped him and desperately tried to keep him inside. As he pushed forward, Catelyn was the one to moan this time. Her back arched, and she thrust her bare breasts into the air. Harry gripped her breasts and squeezed them hard. Catelyn squeaked in pleasure and pain. Letting go of her tits, he placed his hands on either side of her head and hovered over her. Breathing heavily, she stared into his eyes as he truly started fucking her.

Harry loved seeing her with her mouth open in a silent scream as the head of his monstrously large cock repeatedly battered her g-spot and cervix. Her eyes fluttering in pleasure, she reached out and caressed his chest and shoulders. At that moment, she never wanted to stop touching him. She never wanted him to leave her body. Her slick walls were clinging tightly to him, even as he pounded her so hard that her tits were bouncing and flopping wildly with every powerful thrust. The perverse sounds her body made as she was being fucked told him just how wet she was. 'The little whore is drenched,' Harry thought amusedly as she let out a passionate moan while her hands squeezed her own breasts. 'Time to show her who she belongs to.'

Catelyn squealed as he lifted both of her legs up and held them together by her ankles. He then pushed her legs forward until her body was folded, and her feet were above her head. His hips started moving faster, and they clapped loudly against the backs of her thighs. The wet suction sounds of her pussy being stuffed were getting louder. Her juices dripped down and pooled on her puckered hole. She couldn't believe the sounds coming from her mouth. They wouldn't have been out of the ordinary at the local brothel. She opened her eyes and looked at the man that was making her feel so good. Just then, a torrent of her juices sprayed his chest and belly while her vision went white. She didn't even know if she screamed as her pussy choked his fat cock. The next thing she knew was that her eyes were fluttering open. She quickly wondered if she had blacked out. From her new position, she thought so. Her lover now held her behind the knees while her body was folded into the breeding position. His long, fat cock was stretching her hole in ways that she had never felt. Her poor g-spot was being ravaged even as she squirted and creamed his cock.

Her vision blurred again, and she screamed out as she violently orgasmed once again. Her body thrashed and bucked, but the powerful man on top of her had no problems holding her down as he bred her. She was too sensitive down below, and it was starting to become too much for her. Letting out a pathetic whine, all she could do was lay there folded in half as the

beast grunted and filled her with his thick, warm seed. Over and over he thrust into her, pumping her full of cum until finally, he ran dry. Rolling off of her, he happily sighed as he lay there on the bed, completely naked. She barely had the strength to look over at him. His cock was still long and hard and was glistening with her juices. Rolling over as well, she threw her leg over his waist and rested her head on his chest. "I'll be happy to find a position here for your daughter," he said happily.

'I'll bet you just showed me some of those positions,' she thought sarcastically even while she nodded, never taking her head from his chest. Within seconds, she was out like a light while Harry remained alert, wondering just how he should go about putting the hurt to Westeros. The only one he cared about that still remained was his father. The rest could burn for all he cared. Burning them was a bit too extreme, he thought. There were other ways to soften them up.