

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 36

Harry's hands slid down the gracefully smooth back of his bed partner. Her skin was warm and as smooth as freshly spun spider silk. He loved how she squirmed sexily when he caressed the soft skin of her nude back. He explored her gentle curves and let his fingers graze her spine as they moved lower. Her small waist was slim until it flared into a set of womanly hips. His hands traveled from her hips over her bare bottom. He cupped her fleshy cheeks and gave them a squeeze, earning a moan from her sweet lips. Spreading them apart, he let his fingers dip down and caress her damp slit. Harry could feel her shudder on top of him. He could feel her dampness cling to his fingertip. He smiled cheekily and moved his finger up. She squealed when he began toying with the rim of her naughtiest hole. Her hands gripped his muscular body tightly while her lips practically devoured his own.

"Oww!" Harry cried out in a strange-sounding, muffled voice. Margaery smirked with his bottom lip held firmly between her straight, white teeth. She tugged on his lower lip harder before letting it snap back into place.

"If you keep that up, My Lady, I may have to spank your naughty bottom," he teased her while groping her naked ass to his heart's content. Margaery shot him a smouldering look.

"I have never denied you anything, My Lord ... Why would I start now?" she giggled, reaching between their bodies and taking hold of his hard cock. Her small hand wrapped around the base, and Margaery marveled, as she always did, at his size. Her fingertips weren't even close to touching. Her cheeks began to heat up and she buried her face in his chest. Anytime she was near him, all she could think about was the time they spent in bed. She would sit around and daydream about his magnificent size spreading her open. She would shudder while remembering the sensation of his girth rubbing against her silken walls. She would squirm while thinking about the way her body reacted when he was inside of her. Her walls would immediately tighten, desperate to keep him inside. Of course, the rest of her body was just as eager. She would wrap her smooth legs around his waist and wouldn't let go until he had finished inside of her.

The mornings after she had spent the night in his bed, she always strutted around with the biggest smile on her face. The other women could instantly tell what had happened between them the night before. Margaery absolutely loved the morose expressions and sneers of dissatisfaction on their aging faces. The largest culprit was surprisingly her own mother. Margaery knew that her mother and Harold had been fucking. Harold rarely tried to hide any of his salacious activities. He was never forthright with them, and he tried to offer his women some semblance of privacy, but the women themselves were another matter. Her mother was very proud of the fact that a young stallion like Harold was interested in bedding her. Margaery would be the first to admit that her father had let himself go over the last ten years. Having a gorgeous man like Harold lust after her must have been a massive inflation to her waning ego.

Her mother was still fairly young and quite beautiful. Margaery would easily admit that. But sadly for her, she could never compete with a woman such as Margaery. Young and vivacious with a beautiful face and a slim, taut body ... It was no surprise why she was Harold's favorite, she snarkily thought to herself. Her mother would just have to make herself understand. Harold's interest was in her, not her aging mother.

Cersei was also eager to toss her some scathing looks, though Margaery thought it had less to do with sex with Harold and more to do with her trying to gain political power through him. 'Too bad for her,' Margaery would often think. She wasn't going to change her plans for a washed-up, old Queen.

The newcomers were quite annoying if she was being honest. Catelyn and Sansa Stark had barreled into Seven Swords and immediately acted as though they belonged there. It was embarrassing how Catelyn would stare at Harold and flutter her eyes whenever he would look her way. A woman her age should be spending her advancing years in her room with a pair of knitting needles, Margaery thought. She definitely shouldn't be openly flirting with Harold and rubbing her disgusting tits all over his arm as she fawned over him. It was a pathetic display, Margaery thought. Her daughter was even worse.

Margaery wouldn't be surprised if Sansa dropped her dress right in the middle of breakfast and offered herself to him. The girl had absolutely no sense of subtlety. Her hopes and desires were out in the open for all to see. Margaery often shook her head, embarrassed for the poor girl. Though she had to admit, the girl was pretty, and because of that, she was a threat. Margaery was there first after all. There was no way in the seven hells that she would let that Northerner jump her in line.

Of course, there were a few ways to make sure of that. One of them being the most obvious. Sansa was just a little girl pretending to be a woman. Margaery WAS a woman. She knew how to use her body to get what she wanted. She knew how to make a man lust after her ... how to make him crave her attention. She smiled when she remembered the poor stable boy on whom she used to practice her womanly wiles. She was only thirteen namedays then. She would bat her eyes and smile sweetly. She would walk by him wearing her specially made perfumes. She would wear silk dresses that hugged her slim body tightly. The first time she saw him stiffen in his trousers was the greatest day of her life. She realized that everything her grandmother was teaching her was indeed correct. Men often thought with their cocks. Sadly, the young man became obsessed with her, and he had to be removed. Not wanting him to be punished for her behavior, she had him moved to a stable outside of Highgarden.

Now that she was a grown woman, she was putting her teachings to good use. Placing her hands on Harold's rock-hard pecs, she pushed her body up until she was straddling his lap. She watched as his eyes moved up from her slim belly and over her pert tits. Arching her back slightly to better display them, she took his hands in hers and placed them on her breasts. Her hard nipples pressed against the palms of his hands, and when he began squeezing them, she

removed her hands from on top of his and reached down for his cock. Taking it in hand, she lifted up slightly and rubbed the tip back and forth over the length of her damp slit. Margaery's eyes fluttered, and she let out a pleased gasp when the head mashed against her swollen clit. Her nipples were stiff and aching, and they made her body tingle when Harold used his thumbs to play with her crinkled, pink skin. She pressed the length of his shaft against her lips and thrust her hips. Over and over she painted his shaft with her slick juices. She smiled cheekily when she heard him growl. Letting out a squeal of surprise when he suddenly flipped her over, Margaery breathed heavily as he hovered over her, looking as though he may fuck her into a coma. He grabbed her wrists and lifted her arms over her head.

She didn't need to be told to keep them there as his fingers slid down her slender arms. The sensation of his fingertips grazing against her soft skin made her body ache with need. Her legs were parted, and her slit was dripping wet. She rubbed herself against him, trying to tempt him into taking her right then and there. Instead, he leaned down and kissed her sweet lips. Margaery parted her lips, allowing his tongue to explore her mouth. His hands moved up and down her belly and sides. His fingers brushed against the sides of her small, perky tits. Margaery felt as though her body was on fire. The ache between her legs was severe enough that she was whining and rubbing her body against him as much as possible. He broke the kiss and moved his lips a little lower. Margaery tilted her head back, giving him access to her elegant, porcelain throat. As he sucked on her overheated skin, Margaery ran her bare feet over the backs of his thighs, teasing him. She could feel his massive, throbbing cock resting against her dripping cunt. Her body squirmed, and she smeared her warm, fragrant juices all over his groin as though she was marking him as hers.

"You want it badly ... Don't you?" he asked her in a teasing voice. He peppered kisses down her chest until he came to her perfectly-shaped breasts. His tongue lashed out and licked one of her hard nipples. Margaery cried out and arched her back, trying to stuff her nipple into his mouth.

"Yesss!" she hissed as he lightly nipped at the delicate skin of her breast. He teased her throbbing nipple with his soft lips. "I need you inside of me!" she begged. She completely forgot that she was supposed to be the one seducing him to get what she wanted. Instead, she was begging him to claim her body and make her cum over and over again. He then moved to her other breast. She could feel his hot breath caressing her skin. Biting her lower lip, she moved her arms until her fingers were threaded in his hair. Pulling on the back of his head, she rubbed her nipple against his lips until he opened his mouth and took it in. When his teeth grazed her nipple, Margaery cried out and bucked her hips wildly. Unable to stop herself, she reached down and grabbed his thick shaft. She placed the tip against her opening and started stroking him. It seemed that her teasing had finally spurred him into action. Thrusting forward, his head spread her lips and easily sank deep enough to hit her cervix. Her back arched, and her toes curled as the first orgasm of the night hit her hard. Lights flashed behind her eyes as her body bucked and thrashed wildly. Between her legs, Harold pumped his hips, hitting her g-spot repeatedly and making her insides hug his shaft tightly.

The sounds coming from her mouth were embarrassing, she had to admit, but she had little choice but to allow them to happen. Not allowing her a moment to pull herself together, he grabbed the backs of her knees and pushed her legs forward until her knees were next to her ears. His cock was driving deep within her, making her cum harder with every thrust. She could feel her juices leaking out and dripping down her belly. When he viciously pulled out of her, she thought that he might give her a moment to catch her breath, but instead, he buried her face between her legs and sucked the juices straight from her contracting cunt. She thrashed around, trying to keep his tongue away from her oversensitive clit, but it was of no use. Her body was his to do with as he pleased. When his lips wrapped around her swollen bead, she opened her mouth and let out a pleased wail. Juices were liberally squirting from her sloppy wet pussy as he sucked hard on her little nub. Margaery's hands clawed at the silk bedsheets, and she saw spots in the back of her eyes. She was beginning to hyperventilate as several orgasms continued to roll over her. Just as a particularly powerful one hit, she became lightheaded and things got blurry. When she came to, she was breathing heavily.

"Are you okay?" she heard him ask. Margaery nodded. "Good." She could hear the smirk in his velvety voice. "Then let's continue," he told her as he flipped her onto her belly and lifted her ass into the air. He thrust hard and fast and made her cheeks clap as she arched her back and screamed while the orgasms started up again.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Harry sat in his magical workshop deep within the bowels of his gleaming, white castle. He was going over everything he had heard from his drones that were stationed around Westeros. As soon as they received the information, they passed it on through their mental connection. The news wasn't exactly shocking to him.

Joffrey had finally pushed the smallfolk too far, and they lashed out violently. He was dead ... torn to pieces along with most of the city's security detail. News of his father's fate hadn't yet reached his ears. From what he knew, the smallfolk captured him but kept him comfortable while they waited for Harry's return. Then the Faith attacked the smallfolk, and his father suddenly disappeared. He would have to look into it. Any reason to attack the Faith was good enough for him.

His spies among Robb Stark's army told him that the men of the North suddenly retreated and were heading east toward the capital. The Lannister forces were moving east, trying to cut off the Northern army while the idiot Mace Tyrell was moving north to try and take King's Landing. Harry had to chuckle at the mess that his stupid cousin Joffrey had made. Of course, the throne belonged to his younger cousin, Tommen now.

Harry seriously considered just letting things play out. Being King of Westeros at that moment wasn't conducive to a long and happy life. In the end, it wasn't his choice. He would speak to Cersei and Tommen about it.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Cersei sat there staring at the wall. She had just received the news that no mother wished to hear. Her eldest, Joffrey, was dead ... killed during a riot in King's Landing. As hateful as he was, he was still her son, and she loved him. She used the back of her hand to wipe the tears from her eyes. Harold held out a silk handkerchief, and she silently took it.

"And Jaime? Why did he not protect him?!" she asked angrily, dabbing her eyes with the soft material.

"My father is missing. I intend to sail to King's Landing to find out what has become of him," Harry told her.

"What of the throne?" she suddenly asked, looking up at him with wide eyes. "It is Tommen's by birthright!" she declared.

"The North is making a push for the city while Grandfather attempts to keep them at bay. The Reach is moving to take the capital for themselves. No doubt Mace Tyrell wishes to sit on the throne. What Stannis is doing is unknown," he truthfully told her.

Cersei jumped to her feet with an angry expression. "Of course, the North is trying to take what is not theirs! They are nothing but a bunch of filthy barbarians!" she growled. "And, of course, Mace wishes to sit his fat ass on the throne. He has always had delusions of grandeur," she sneered before looking at him.

"We must get to King's Landing at once. Tommen will quickly take the throne, and I will remain to guide him," she told him.

"Oh?" Harry asked. "I doubt it will be so easy. The Faith has rebelled and is acting in their own interest. The Crown has no allies beyond the Lannisters, and if my memory serves me correctly, you promised to remain here. Has that slipped your mind?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow. Cersei glared angrily at him.

"This is beyond a simple promise! This is my family's legacy!" she snarled, starting to pace back and forth.

"Are you aware that King's Landing is extremely dangerous right now, even for a full-grown man? You would be sending in Tommen who is only a child. Practically the entirety of Westeros will be beating down the city's walls within the next month or so, clamoring for a chance to take the throne. They will have no problems putting him to the sword. Is that a chance you are willing to take?" Harry asked her. Cersei stopped short for a moment before answering.

"I will find a way to keep Tommen safe," she said resolutely, completely unwavering to any of the apparent dangers. Harry wanted to roll his eyes but he kept himself from doing so.

“Very well. I will take you and Tommen with me,” he told her. “But Myrcella will remain here,” he commanded, daring her to defy him. Cersei slowly nodded without a word.

Harry knew that it was Cersei’s dream to become “King” of Westeros. With the upheaval, she could practically taste the opportunity. Her dreams were there, within reach. With her son being too young to properly make decisions, it would be up to her to rule in his stead. It seemed that she was willing to risk her son’s neck for the chance to rule, even if only for a short while. But you never knew what would happen. Tommen could die, and someone would need to rule. Why not Cersei, she no doubt thought. Obviously, Harry didn’t think that she would kill Tommen, or even purposely risk his life. Cersei, however, had always been overconfident in her own abilities and intelligence. She, no doubt, thought that she could get things in order with Harry’s and her father’s help. If that was the case, she had another thing coming.

Harry would continue to send food to King’s Landing, but that was it. That had more to do with the fact that the smallfolk loved him, and he hoped to keep in their good graces. You never knew when that might come in handy. He wouldn’t send his army or dragon to defend her territory though. Tywin was having problems of his own. He couldn’t even properly defeat the Northern army. How could he fight off both the North and the Reach at the same time? His reserves of gold were rapidly dwindling, and his age was beginning to catch up with him. Cersei never thought about any of this. Like always, she jumped in head first without thinking about the repercussions. Had she waited a little bit longer, Harry would have placed her in charge of one of the conquered lands that would soon be in his possession. Sadly, she was impatient, and he hoped that it wouldn’t end up costing Tommen his life.

“We’ll be leaving in the morning at first light,” he told her before walking out of her room. Harry would wager that most of the girls in his possession would be quite happy to hear that Cersei was leaving. As unbelievable as it may be, Cersei wasn’t known to be a “people person”. It was only a small loss on Harry’s end. Cersei was good in bed, and her snobby attitude amused him constantly. Other than that, he wouldn’t miss her. Tommen was a nice kid, but Harry didn’t spend much time with him. He felt no loyalty toward the boy. He would help the boy, but only if he got something out of it.

Harry would give it a month before Cersei was contacting him, begging for aid. Begging might be a strong word when it comes to Cersei. She had never begged for anything in her entire life. Still, if she wanted his aid after reneging on their deal, she would have to pay dearly for it.