

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 25

Alerie sniffed angrily as she left her room. Her idiot husband thought that she wouldn't notice him leaving with the red woman. All day long he had embarrassed her in front of their host. Now she had to sit and listen to her mother-in-law basically call her worthless? She would show them her worth while getting back at her husband at the same time.

She clutched her robe to her body as she walked the corridor in the direction of the King's suite. The air was chilly, making her body break out in goosebumps. A small smile graced her lovely lips. Harold had put them in rooms in the Royal Wing of his castle. She was glad to see that the Tyrell name still carried weight, even all the way across the Narrow Sea. Besides, it made her goal all the more easy.

'I have put up with Mace's infidelity before, but tonight was too much. He has embarrassed me and the family name,' she inwardly snarled as she arrived at the King's door. The crack beneath the oak door showed only darkness within. Turning the handle, she pushed the door open and found that it didn't squeak or squeal. As she did, the soft light of the corridor fell into the room, showing the King asleep in his large and luxurious bed.

'Olenna thinks that I can't help the family?' she angrily thought. 'Even the bitch Cersei was hinting that she was sleeping with Harold. She acts as though the entire male population lives to worship at her feet. She believes that she is more beautiful and desirable than me?' Alerie scoffed. Men used to trip over themselves for the chance that she might notice them. Even though she wasn't as young as she used to be, she was still beautiful and vivacious. 'And I can seduce a King just as well as Cersei can,' she thought snidely. 'Even better than she,' Alerie corrected herself.

Tonight wasn't all about revenge on her husband and Cersei, however. She was proving a point to Olenna. She could help the family just as well as she could. Where Olenna would use her mind, Alerie would use her beauty and sexuality. As she gazed upon the young, sleeping King, her cheeks began to grow warm. She would be the first to say that he was a good-looking, young man. In fact, she would say that he was the most handsome man that she had ever seen. His lips were plump and pink. His nose was small and perfectly straight. Even his eyelashes fluttered out, long and thick. A deep shudder ran through her body. She stood there for a moment, gathering her courage. As she did, her heart began to beat faster. Taking a deep breath, she untied the belt of her robe and let it fall from her shoulders. As it pooled at her feet, she walked over to the bed and moved the blanket aside. She gasped at what she saw. He was completely nude, and hanging between his muscular thighs was a cock that was as big as her husband's hard cock. The only difference was that Harold's cock was still soft! She could only imagine how big it would be when it was hard.

Now that it was time to bring her plan to fruition, she really didn't know how to begin. It had been a long time since she had to seduce a young man. She stopped a moment to think back to the days when she was a frisky, young maiden. Growing more confident, she rolled him onto his back and straddled his waist as he groaned sleepily. Taking his cock in hand, she slowly worked it up and down, feeling it grow hard in her grasp. Her eyes widened when it kept inflating until it forced her fingers apart. As long and as thick as her forearm, she swallowed loudly at the thought of pleasuring something of that size.

Though she was nervous, the thought of it excited her. It was something new in her boring, old life. She felt alive for once in a very long time. With her heart hammering in her chest, she lifted up and sat down on the underside of his shaft, pinning it against his six-pack. Alerie couldn't hold back the moan as his thickness forced her damp lips apart. Her body quivered as she used his pecs to hold herself up. The excitement mixed with the cold air made her nipples turn hard. Wiggling her hips around, she leaned down and softly kissed his sweet lips. Her eyes fluttered, and she moaned into his mouth. She nervously jumped when his hands touched her bare back and slid down her body until they were holding her slim waist. His mouth suddenly opened, taking her tongue into his mouth. Alerie nearly came when he began sucking on her tongue and tickling it with his. Every time his tongue would tickle the underside of hers, a jolt of tingling pleasure shot from her wet pussy and up her spine. Breaking the kiss, she gasped when he briefly sucked on her graceful neck.

"I didn't expect you to visit my bed," he teased her. His hands cupped the cheeks of her ass. She gasped when he pulled them apart and cold air hit her puckered hole.

"I-It is my duty to broker peace between our houses," she squeaked as he bit down on her hard nipple before sucking on it deeply. Her eyes fluttered as his lips explored the full expanse of her chest. She had always been self-conscious about the size of her breasts. It didn't matter that they were perfectly round and perky. She knew that men loved big, bouncing breasts, and that was something she didn't possess. Harold, however, was happily worshiping them. Alerie loved the way his tongue would trace the edges of her areolas. She loved how he would suck on the bottom of her breasts or bury his face in her cleavage. She hadn't felt so young and sexy in a long time. She gasped and arched her back, stuffing her tit into his mouth as his hand crept between her legs. When his fingers touched her swollen and throbbing clit, she threw her head back and cried out.

Alerie was grabbed and spun so that she was on her back. "How long has it been since you were properly satisfied?" he asked, the moonlight shining in his eyes. She was glad that he couldn't see her blush. Her leg was lifted up, and his hands slid up and down the length of it, caressing every inch of her smooth skin.

"Too long!" she gasped as he kissed her ankle. Alerie was wiggling her bottom and trying to rub her throbbing pussy against the massive cock that was draped over her lower belly.

“Your husband doesn’t take care of your needs?” he asked as he grabbed the backs of her knees and pushed her legs forward. Alerie squirmed as her body was folded into the perfect breeding position. Now there was nothing stopping him from taking whatever he wanted from her.

“No!” she choked out as he started rubbing the thick, bulbous head of his cock up and down between her plump lips. The pleasure from that action alone was nearly enough to make her cum. “Even now, he is attempting to lure the Priestess into his bed,” she admitted to him. Harry chuckled as her body bucked. His cock mashed against her sensitive clit.

“Then his loss is my gain it seems,” he smirked, though with her normal, human eyes, she was unable to see it.

It was all becoming too much for her. She needed relief, and she needed it right then. Reaching down, she grabbed his thick shaft and tried to move the head into position, but was struggling to do so. “Please!” she begged. Thankfully for her, she didn’t have to wait long. The next time his head slid over her hole, he plunged deeply into her. It was the first time in her life that she actually screamed in rapture.

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Margaery’s eyes fluttered open, and she stretched her body while yawning cutely. She lay there in her bed for a few minutes, letting her body and mind properly wake. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she pushed the thick, comfortable blankets from her body and got up. Walking sleepily to the balcony doors, she pushed them open and gasped from the blast of chilly, morning air. Instantly, she was awake, and her nipples crinkled and grew hard as her nude body was buffeted by the sea breeze. She knew that from this high up, no one would be able to see her. Confidently, she walked out onto the balcony, her back straight and proud. It was a new day.

She had laid the foundation for a relationship with Harold. Now she just needed to begin cementing it. After fully waking, she spent the next hour bathing, doing her hair, and putting on one of her nicest dresses. When everyone met for breakfast, she could see that her father was looking a bit grumpy while her mother had a very noticeable smile on her face as she looked longingly at their host. She also noticed that several new people had joined the table. Harold came up to her and gently took her by the hand. He led her over to her seat and helped her in. Margaery smiled and thanked him.

“Margaery, may I introduce Tommen and Myrcella Baratheon,” he said. Margaery curtsied in the proper fashion. “And this is Daenerys Targaryen.”

This took her for a loop. She already knew that Cersei and her children would be there, but she had no idea that he was also hosting one of the lost Targaryen children. Though to use the word child for her wasn’t quite right. Daenerys was a beautiful young lady with a body to match her own. The worst part was that after the blonde smiled at her, she turned her attention back to

Harold. Margaery didn't like the look in her eyes. She knew that look well. She could see that Daenerys had Harold in her sights, and she would do anything to get what she wanted. If Margaery wanted to get her hooks into him, she would need to move fast.

During their meal, Margaery found both Myrcella and Daenerys pleasing to talk to. Both were bright and vivacious, and she could see that the two girls already had a friendship between them. She also found that both would stare longingly at the young King. When breakfast was done, she saw Harold stand up.

"If you all will excuse me, I need to patrol my lands. Unfortunately, there is always someone plotting to take what I have built. I won't be available until this afternoon," he told them. Seeing the perfect opportunity, Margaery jumped up.

"May I accompany you, Harold?" she asked, stepping close to him and grabbing his wrist before he could walk away.

"I'm not sure if your parents would agree. It can be dangerous sometimes," he warned.

"Maybe he's right," Mace joined in. "Perhaps she should ..."

"Oh, just let her go! He will protect her, I'm sure," Olenna jumped in.

"Well ... I ... That is to say ..." Mace sputtered as Margaery hugged his arm.

"Of course, he will protect a fair maiden like me," she smiled up at him. Harry chuckled merrily.

"I will do my best. Well ... Come along then. Let us not tarry," he said as Margaery held tightly to his arm, mashing her small breasts into him.

Margaery didn't know where he was taking her until he led her to a massive balcony about halfway up the castle. It was there that he handed her a beautifully crafted coat made of silks stuffed with feathers. She put it on while looking confused.

"I don't want you to freeze," he told her before whistling loudly. After a moment, Margaery jumped when the massive, black beast landed on the balcony softer than she would have expected. Even so, she felt the tremble beneath her booted feet. She suddenly felt very nervous. She looked to her side and saw a servant helping him into some black armor.

"Uh ... Harold ..." Margaery stuttered. She thought that they would be taking one of his very comfortable carriages or at worst a couple of horses.

"Fear not, Margaery. I will not let you fall. Besides, it will be an experience that you will never forget," he promised, taking her by the hand and leading her over to the gargantuan beast. Her heart was hammering inside of her chest as she let him help her onto the dragon's scaled back.

Being so close to the dragon, she could feel the heat radiating from the body. He continued to help her until he sat her down in a comfortable area before sitting in front of her. When the dragon took its first step, Margaery squeaked in panic and wrapped her arms around his armored waist. Its wings began to flap, sending a burst of wind into her long, thick hair. She closed her eyes and squeezed him tightly, forgetting about the fact that she was supposed to be using that time to seduce him.

She didn't know how long had passed before Harold yelled out, "Open your eyes!" Margaery did so carefully. She gasped when she saw how high they truly were. Below them, nothing but fields of green stretched out in every direction. Mighty trees appeared little more than dark green specks as they rapidly whipped by. Above her, it was almost as if she could reach up and run her fingers through the clouds. As the seconds passed by, she became more confident that she wouldn't fall. She suddenly saw row after row of massive fields that looked to be plowed up.

"What's that?" she called out, pointing to the area in question.

"New farms that I'm creating. Those will be growing olive trees. This area of Essos has the perfect climate for it. The hard part will be keeping them growing once winter settles in," he told her. Hearing him mention winter made her stomach drop.

For a kingdom such as the Reach which focused almost solely on agriculture, the winter was practically a killing blow for them. Having been born at the beginning of the Long Summer, she had never experienced the horrors that a long winter would bring. From what the Maesters were all saying, they were predicting a very long and brutal winter this time around. It was expected that their crops would wither and die, their finances would inevitably dry up, and a good portion of their smallfolk would grow hungry and starve. Being a Tyrell, she wouldn't have to worry about this. Her family coffers were full of gold, and they knew enough to hoard some of their longer-lasting grains. Even so, they weren't out of the woods. Food would eventually spoil.

Her grandmother had told her about previous winters that she was forced to endure. Eating maggot-infested porridge with moldy bread didn't sound particularly pleasing to her. Of course, right outside of her castle, the smallfolk would be resorting to cannibalism to survive. While Margaery could be just as much of a schemer as her grandmother, she did truly care about the well-being of the smallfolk. The thought of them being forced to act in such a way turned her stomach. She prayed to the Seven that the coming winter wouldn't be so long and devastating. She cleared her throat.

"Harold?" she called out.

"Yes, Margaery?" Harry called back.

"Are you prepared for winter?" she asked. She thought that he must have heard the worry in her voice because he landed the dragon on the banks of a mighty river. Once down, the dragon dipped its head and began drinking deeply from the river.

“Of course,” he told her. “We have a year at most before winter hits. Even though the effects won’t be as severe this far south, my people would still suffer if I were to be lax in my preparedness.”

“What have you done to prepare?” she wondered out loud.

“I’m in a much better position than most. I have hundreds of large-scale farms producing fruit, vegetables, grains, and meat off the coast of Sothoryos. Winter will hardly be a problem that far south. I have enough dried, salted meats to feed my city for over a decade. I have dried fruits to ward off scurvy and a never-ending supply of firewood and leather to keep the people warm. I will admit that adding the people of Volantis is a drain on my resources, but not by much. Already I have ordered more farms to be created. In half a year, I expect the amount of food being produced to double.”

Her eyes widened considerably. “So much food ...” she whispered.

“Indeed. I fully expect my influence to grow dramatically among the ruling class. They will need fresh food and firewood. I will have it in spades. It will come at a cost, however,” he admitted.

Margaery had no doubt in her mind that he would charge a premium for his food, either in gold or favors. As they took off again, she thought about how important it was to come to some kind of arrangement with him.

It was a few hours later that they ran across something of note. “Look down there!” he called out, pointing in a certain direction. Her eyes followed his finger. What she saw was a long line of horse riders, some pulling carts.

“Who is that?” she asked him.

“Dothraki,” he told her. “They’ve been traveling south from the Dothraki Sea. They are preparing for winter.” He had been having to fly over his land every few days to keep the Dothraki in check. Sometimes he would kill them. Sometimes he would scare them off. Margaery suddenly squeaked in fright when Daemon started his dive.

Margaery watched as the caravan of riders looked up and began to scatter in panic. It made no difference for them, however. The entire front line was suddenly engulfed in flames. The dragon pulled out of his dive and flew low, moving in a large circle to come back around for another pass. This time, however, the dragon didn’t unleash his fire.

“Why did you not finish them?” she asked as the horses continued to gallop away.

"Women, children, and their slaves are always in the back. There's no need to kill the innocent," he told her. It was something that she wholeheartedly agreed with. After another couple of hours of flying, Harold stopped by a grove of fruit trees where they ate their fill.

"Harold ... What would you think about an alliance between our Houses?" Margaery suddenly asked. Harry turned to her.

"What kind of alliance?" he asked with his hood down so that she was able to see his face properly.

"A Pact of Non-Aggression and a Trade Alliance," she said, pointing out exactly what she wanted.

"And what does your House have to offer? A successful attack on my lands is very unlikely, and this winter, I will have no shortage of potential customers and trade partners," he stated bluntly.

"While I can't negotiate this myself, marriage may be on the table," she countered, trying to judge his reaction to this.

"I wouldn't scoff at the idea of marrying a woman like you, but marriage is not something I'm after at this time." While she wasn't keen on marrying again so soon after the fiasco with Renly, she was disappointed. It would have been the easiest way to align themselves.

"What if you were to foster me?" she suddenly asked. Harry raised an eyebrow at that.

"You would want to stay here?" he asked her. Margaery shrugged.

"Your city is beautiful, and you're pleasant to be around. My family is very powerful, as you no doubt know. Having me here would help grant you legitimacy in the eyes of the Lords back home. Besides, I look forward to getting to know you even better than we already do," she said sexily. That left no doubt about what she was offering.

"I will speak with your father about this. Perhaps we can work something out," he said as his eyes lowered to the dip in her dress. Her borrowed coat was being used as a makeshift blanket for her to sit on.

"Be sure you do. The sooner a deal can be brokered, the sooner we can celebrate," she smiled sweetly at him.

"You're devious, I hope you know," he chuckled and stood up. He grabbed her outstretched hands and lifted her to her feet. Margaery wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a short but sweet kiss.

“I know,” she told him before they got back on Daemon and continued to tour his lands. Harry was now looking forward to making a deal with the Lord of Highgarden.