

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 91

The ship was unlike anything Catelyn Stark had ever seen on the narrow seas. It was sleek, and the hull was lacquered black and inlaid with bands of silvery steel. The ship's deck was wide, open, and perfectly level, and even in the choppy water of the harbor she barely rolled. Perhaps a trick of sorcery, Catelyn joked with herself, but it was the best bit of magic in the world for a passenger who preferred to arrive at her destination with breakfast unspilled in her belly.

Sansa loved the ship. She had spent half the short trip up on the bow with her arms outstretched, enjoying the salt spray on her face and the wind in her auburn hair. Sansa was a true beauty now, with the kind of poise and pale grace that came from hard years in the brutal North. She wore a blue dress that matched the color of her eyes, and it flared and clung to her in the foreign style of Seven Swords. Sansa was full of giggles and anxious energy, as if the city waiting beyond the sea was the first adventure of her life.

Arya had hated every minute of the voyage. She wasn't a fan of the open sea. She stayed in the shadow of the mainmast with her feet braced wide, arms crossed, and a scowl on her face. Her dress was gray and utilitarian, and she wore her hair in a thick braid that hung down her back. Arya watched the city approach with calmness, though Catelyn could tell that she was excited. Seven Swords had so much to offer for someone who craved mischief and adventure.

Catelyn herself wore a dress that was more traditional than Sansa's. It was modest and made of midnight blue wool, though a healthy amount of cleavage was on display. She wanted to look good for Harold, after all. She wore a fox-fur stole around her shoulders, and kept her hair up in a bun. At first, she was content to sit quietly at the stern with her hands folded in her lap, pretending she was not trembling inside. But as the city grew closer, her composure started to fray.

It had been way too long since she had last seen Harold. Since leaving his arms, her body had been craving its return. Far too often she would lie awake at night, rubbing her sopping slit while thinking of Harold's soft lips, strong hands, and thick cock. Now that she was so near him, her body seemed to sense it, and she was trembling with need.

As the ship came about, the city revealed itself in full. The harbor was awash with sails and banners, and every inch of dock space was jammed with ships. Above the chaos, white marble terraces climbed in neat, geometric steps toward the keep. The white stone terraces glimmered in the sun, and there was a patchwork of color, with bursts of purple and red from the blooming gardens on every balcony. At the very top, the white keep rose like a sharp mountain. Its spires practically pierced the clouds. Banners snapped and streamed from every window, and everywhere Catelyn looked, the city was alive with people.

The ship made a slow, dignified approach to the Royal Dock. Even before they had come alongside, a crowd had gathered. There were guards in gleaming armor, city officials in their best silks, and a scatter of women and children. At their center was a man so tall and striking that Catelyn had to squeeze her thighs together to keep from touching herself.

He wore black trousers and a white tunic that was open halfway down. Both sides of the tunic fluttered in the wind, revealing his muscled pecs. Catelyn's pussy grew even wetter, if that was possible. His hair was the color of a raven's feathers, and his face was as handsome as any of the old heroes in the tales. His eyes were green, and they were so vivid that she could see them even from this distance. His mouth was set in a small, satisfied smile that did nothing to hide his amusement at the scene before him.

The sailors threw lines, and the ship was tied off with impossible speed. A ramp was set down, and before the captain could even finish shouting orders, Sansa had darted to the edge of the deck, looking back at her with sparkling eyes. "Hurry ... Come on! You can see him from here!"

Catelyn did not move at once, but Arya moved quickly. As much as she tried to hide it, Arya desperately wanted to see Harold again. Catelyn gathered her dignity and followed them down.

Sansa was already at the bottom, nearly shaking with excitement, and as soon as her foot hit the dock, she broke into a run. "Harold!" she squealed, and her arms were open wide as she flew at the Dread Lord. He caught her, spinning her off her feet in a twirl, and she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek, then his lips. Her mouth opened, inviting him in.

"Enough of that now, Sansa," Catelyn said in a tight voice. All her life, she had been trained to act with dignity, and she had tried to impart that to Sansa. There was no dignity in the way Sansa moaned into his mouth and deepened the kiss. Catelyn wanted to sound disapproving, but the words came out feeble, and she felt her cheeks burning. Harold set Sansa down, but she did not let go of his hand, and her smile grew wider.

Harry turned his eyes on Catelyn and took her hand. His grip was strong and warm, and he pressed her knuckles to his lips in the old Westerosi fashion, but he held her gaze as he did. "Lady Catelyn," he said. His voice was velvety and commanding at once. "It's been too long."

She swallowed, then nodded, trying to keep her voice even. That was difficult, considering that fat drops of pussy juice were rolling down her inner thighs. "My Lord. You have built yourself a fine city." Seven Swords looked even more beautiful than it did the last time she was here.

"It is not as fine as it will be," he said, then turned his attention to Arya, who stood a half-step behind Catelyn.

He smiled and caught Arya's eyes. "Arya," he greeted her. "You're even more beautiful than the last time I saw you."

Arya blinked, surprised. She hadn't been called beautiful very often. She was about to respond when suddenly, Harry swept her up into a hug and kissed her on the forehead. Arya struggled and turned beet-red, but she didn't really resist. In fact, she was very pleased with how things had gone so far.

Catelyn felt her own composure falter again. There was a warmth here in his city, and an easy affection in his presence that she was not quite ready for. For a brief, treacherous moment, she thought about shoving Sansa and Arya aside and quietly demanding that he take her into his bedroom and fuck her like a cheap whore. If only she had the nerve.

Harry turned back to her, and with a few words to the guards, he had them all surrounded in a loose, respectful phalanx. "Come. You must see the gardens. I've added some new flowers and fruit trees," he said.

They walked up the avenue, and Harry had Sansa on one arm and Arya on the other, leaving Catelyn to walk beside them. The three of them glided up through the grounds, and every eye on the path turned to watch. The Starks drew more stares than the dragons in the sky.

The gardens were better than she remembered. The air was thick with the scent of flowers, and fountains splashed in perfect, geometric basins. The paths were swept clean, and every hedge was cut and trimmed with perfect precision. Sansa was in heaven, and Arya tried to look bored, but even she was caught admiring the bronze sword-women that lined the path.

There were courtiers here, too, and a fair number of merchants and foreign dignitaries. Catelyn noticed that the other women in the garden watched them with outright envy. More than one of them gave her a look of veiled hatred. This should have angered her, but Catelyn couldn't help but feel satisfied at the hatred. She had what they wanted, and what they wanted was Harold.

They reached a shaded colonnade, and Harry stopped them at the top step. "Welcome back to Seven Swords, Ladies," he said. "While here, you will want for nothing. If anyone bothers you, they will answer to me."

Sansa giggled, "You sound like my father."

Harry ruffled her hair. "I would never dare compare myself to Lord Eddard. He was one of a kind."

Catelyn felt a pang of sadness at the memory of her deceased husband, but then she saw the way Sansa was looking at Harold, and how Arya was leaning ever so slightly toward him, and she steeled herself. They stood together in the shade, luxuriating in the colorful garden that seemed so alive. Catelyn realized then that she never wanted to return to the dreary North. Seven Swords had everything she had ever wanted. Her eyes raked over Harry's muscled form, and her heartbeat quickened.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Sansa remembered the last time she walked through the gardens of Seven Swords. Even then, she had known that they were the most beautiful place in the world, but now, walking on the Dread Lord's arm, she saw them in an entirely new light. The city was warmer than she remembered. The air was soft and smelled of blooming flowers. She had been read stories of the Summer Isles, and she imagined that this was what they would smell like. Sunlight glimmered in her hair and danced across the ponds and fountains.

She pressed herself tighter against Harry's arm, making sure the swell of her breast was always squashed firmly to his side, and let herself imagine that the city belonged to them alone. They walked ahead of Catelyn and Arya, and she loved the way every woman they passed stopped to look. Most of them glared, but a few looked at Harry with such open hunger that Sansa felt a secret thrill at outshining them all.

She had dressed for the occasion, in a blue silk dress that hugged her waist and clung to her hips. It had a plunging neckline that the girls of King's Landing would have fainted at. In Seven Swords, it was practically modest. The fashion here was wilder and way more daring, and Sansa had seen a dozen new designs on the women in the garden. She wanted them all, and she wanted Harry to see her in every one.

The thought of being back in the North made her shudder. She hated the cold, the endless gray days, and the way the wind howled through the cracks of Winterfell's stone walls. She hated the dull, woolen dresses everyone was forced to wear just to keep warm. She especially disliked the way everyone tried to ignore what they really wanted in life. They were content just to survive. Sansa wanted more. She didn't belong there. Here, every step brought her closer to who she was meant to be. Here, she could be a goddess.

They passed beneath a colonnade, and Sansa let her hair fall behind her back and catch the sun just so. She caught the eye of a plump merchant's wife in a canary yellow dress, who gasped at the boldness of Sansa's neckline and then turned crimson. Sansa smiled back, not caring that half of her areola was showing. She loved it.

Harry's arm was hard and warm under her fingers, and every so often, he squeezed her body, letting her know that he was well aware of her presence. When he spoke to Arya, his voice was soft and teasing, but his hand never left Sansa's hip. She squeezed his arm, moving a little closer, and she made sure that every other woman in the garden could see just how close they were.

Arya lagged behind, scuffing her feet and pretending to look bored. But Sansa knew her well. Arya kept glancing up at the men cleaning the fountains or the guards at the gate, judging them and comparing them to Harold. Sansa almost pitied her. Arya would never understand what it was like to have every eye on you, or to be wanted more than anyone else in the room. Sansa did, and she relished it.

They reached the main avenue, where the trees arched overhead, and the path climbed toward the white castle on the hill. Harry pointed out the different varieties of blossoms, and even Arya seemed impressed by the tiny white flowers that floated on the breeze. Sansa watched him as he talked, staring at the strong line of his jaw, and his eyes sparkled when he caught her looking. She felt her cheeks grow hot, but she didn't look away.

They walked for what felt like an hour, and Sansa never let go of Harry's arm. She felt the heat building between her legs. She could feel her clit swelling and pressing against the soft fabric of her panties. Every step made the fabric rub against the hard bead, sending pleasure racing up her spine. By then, her panties were completely soaked, and she could feel them clinging to her taut skin.

She watched him speak to Arya about the upcoming Tourney, about the knights who had come from every kingdom, about the new horses in the stables, and the wild rumor that there would be a chariot race. Sansa didn't care about any of it, but she listened anyway, letting the sound of his voice wash over her like warm bathwater. Every time he smiled, she felt her whole body tingle.

Catelyn trailed behind, pretending not to watch. Sansa knew she disapproved of her blatantly flirty behavior, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except Harold.

Sansa's mind drifted to the dresses she would wear, the dances she would attend, and the moment when Harry would finally take her by the hand, pull her into his bed, and make her his all over again. She imagined the taste of his lips, the strength of his arms, and the feeling of being split open by his huge, throbbing cock.

As they climbed the last terrace before they reached the castle, Sansa looked back over her shoulder. At least a dozen women were shooting dirty looks at her. She pressed herself as tight as she could to Harold's side, and when she caught the next woman glaring at her, she smiled with open, unashamed triumph. Let the whole city watch. Let them all know who Harold's favorite was, Sansa thought. She could not wait to get him alone.

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Harry found the suite easily. It was one of the best in the keep, with huge arched windows that caught every drop of light, and a marble floor so bright it looked wet. The door was open, and he could hear the soft voices of the three women before he entered. He balanced an armload of boxes, nudged the door open wider with his foot, and paused a moment in the threshold.

Sansa was sprawled on a couch with her legs tucked under her. Her fingers were sticky with the juice of some citrus fruit she'd never tasted before. Her face was flushed and happy, and she was already laughing at something Arya had just said. Arya had propped her feet up on the table in a completely unladylike manner. Catelyn sat in a high-backed chair with her hands

folded over her lap. Even in the unfamiliar luxury of their new suite, she radiated an air of steady calm.

A silver tray of tarts and sliced fruit glittered on the table, and a cold pitcher of fruit juice dripped with condensation. The chairs were arranged around a central hearth, where the fire was more for show than for warmth.

The moment Harry stepped inside, Sansa lit up. She tossed aside the fruit, wiped her fingers on a cloth napkin, and rose to her feet. "You're here!" she cried out as Harry set the boxes down on the table. She dashed across the rug and nearly tackled him. She wrapped her arms tight around his neck and planted a fierce, urgent kiss on his mouth.

It was a hungry kiss, full of all the longing and excitement she'd been bottling up since the garden walk. He kissed her back, cupped her ass, and squeezed hard enough to make her squeak. She pulled him closer, not wanting a single inch of free air between them.

"Let the poor man breathe, Sansa," Arya said with a grin.

Sansa ignored her. She only stopped kissing Harry's lips so she could kiss his jaw, his ear, and the sweet spot under his chin. Every touch sent a shock of pleasure straight to her pussy. She didn't care that the other two were watching. She wanted everyone to see how much she loved him, and how much he loved her.

When she finally let him go, Harry indicated to the boxes on the table," he announced.

Sansa clapped her hands and bounced on her toes. Arya rolled her eyes, but even she couldn't hide the spark of interest.

"These are for all of you," he said, and began to open the boxes, one by one. Inside were dresses, heels, panties, nightgowns, and more. The colors were bold and beautiful. Sansa could see crimson, gold, emerald, and icy blue. Sansa reached for a red silk gown with a plunging neckline and held it up to her chest, already imagining how it would look. Catelyn only shook her head at the extravagance, but Harry could see that her fingers lingered over a midnight blue dress that looked cut exactly for her body.

"I want to try them all," Sansa said, her voice high with excitement. She glanced at Harry, then back to the dresses. "Can we?"

"Of course," Harry said, and Sansa's heart skipped a beat.

She snatched the red silk dress and dashed into her room, barely pausing to grab a pair of matching slippers. Harry handed out the boxes to their respective owners, and Catelyn and Arya followed her into the room. There was a flurry of whispering, then a snort of laughter, then silence.

Sansa slipped out of her dress and tossed it aside, letting the red silk slither over her skin. It felt like nothing at all, like she'd been painted in color. The neckline dropped almost to her navel, and the hem barely covered her thighs. She knew at once that she had to show it to him.

She pirouetted in front of the mirror, giggled, and strutted into the main room. Sansa paused in front of Harry and did a slow turn, letting the skirt whirl around her bare legs.

"Do you like it?" Sansa asked, arching her back so her tits nearly spilled out. "It's not too much, is it?"

Harry's eyes devoured her. "It's perfect," he said. He was already hard in his trousers, and Sansa felt a wicked thrill at the sight.

She wiggled her hips, loving the way the silk clung to her ass. She then spun to face him again. Harry reached out, took her by the waist, and pulled her between his parted knees. He slowly lifted the hem of her dress with both hands, and Sansa shivered. He exposed her thighs, then her taut, glistening pussy lips, and then her smooth, hairless mound.

"You're beautiful," he said, and there was an edge to his voice that made her pussy quiver. "I could eat you up, right here."

She giggled, but the sound broke when Harry slipped a hand between her thighs and stroked her slit with his thumb. "You can have me anywhere you want," Sansa moaned, and she pressed herself harder into his hand.

He kissed her again, but Sansa wanted more. She dropped to her knees so quickly that he barely had time to react. She undid his trousers with nimble fingers and freed his cock, which was already hard and thick with arousal. Sansa licked her lips, looked up at him, then took the head into her mouth.

She sucked him with hunger and pride, loving the taste and the feel of his cock growing even harder. She glanced up once and saw Arya and Catelyn both frozen with wide eyes. Both women had tried on their own dresses and obviously came out to model them for Harry. Sansa only smiled wider and took Harry even deeper, moaning so they would all know how much she liked having him in her mouth.

Harry's fingers threaded through her hair, and he tilted his hips so she could take him all the way in. Sansa relaxed her throat, letting him slide in as far as he wanted. She loved how much he wanted her, and she loved being watched and envied. She bobbed her head up and down, working him with her mouth and tongue.

Harry looked over at Catelyn and Arya, who had both abandoned any pretext of detachment and were openly watching Sansa work his cock with her mouth. They had changed into new

dressess, and he took in the sight of them. Catelyn was radiant in midnight blue silk that clung to her curves. He could see the shape of her hard nipples through the thin fabric, and the plunging neckline framed her full breasts so perfectly that Harry wanted to bury his face in them. The double slits running up the sides exposed the pale, toned length of her legs and the smooth creaminess of her thighs. When she shifted in the chair, her dress parted just enough to show the barest hint of her mound, which was smooth and hairless.

Arya's dress was a sheer slip of emerald green silk that left little to the imagination. It was provocatively short, and Arya kept tugging at the hem as if it would do any good. The plunging neckline barely contained her perky, rounded breasts, and as Harry watched, one pink-tipped nipple popped free. Arya fumbled to stuff it back in with burning cheeks. Her legs were slightly open, showing off the smooth expanse of her thighs that were gleaming in the firelight.

Harry beckoned them over with a curl of his finger. Catelyn immediately glided across the marble floor as regally as a queen. Arya followed, and her eyes darted from Harry to Sansa and back again. They settled onto the couch on either side of him, close enough that he could smell their perfume and the faint, musky scent of their arousal.

Sansa was still on her knees with the red silk pooled around her hips, and her ass swayed gently as she worked his cock with long, deep strokes. Her hands gripped his thighs for leverage, and she moaned softly every time the head pushed past her lips. Saliva dripped from the corner of her mouth, and she didn't care. She loved it, and she wanted everyone to know.

Harry draped an arm over Catelyn's shoulders, and his hand grazed the bare skin at the base of her neck. He let his fingers trail down to her breast, and he cupped the heavy flesh through the thin silk. Catelyn's breath caught, but she didn't flinch away. Instead, she leaned into his touch, and her own hand slid up his thigh until her palm pressed between Sansa's bobbing head and his belly.

With his other hand, Harry caressed Arya's thigh. His fingers glided over her goosebumped skin. He played with the edge of her dress, where it barely covered her crotch. She was trembling as he toyed with her silky skin. "You look good, Arya," he said teasingly. "But you forgot one thing."

Arya blinked, and her tongue darted out to wet her lips. "What?"

He dipped his hand beneath the hem of her dress and found the band of her panties. "These." He tugged at the fabric and let it snap lightly against her skin.

Arya's cheeks blazed, but she didn't object. "I thought ... I didn't know if you wanted ..."

"It's not a proper dress until you're out of them," Harry said. "That's how I like it. That's how I want you."

Catelyn's eyes flicked downward, and she bit her lower lip. Sansa, bobbing up and down, looked up at them through her lashes. The air in the room was heavy and thick with the smell of wet pussy.

Arya reached under her dress, shimmied her panties down, and then squirmed out of them completely. She hesitated, holding them balled in her fist, until Harry reached over and plucked them from her hand. He brought them to his face and inhaled deeply, breathing in her sweet, heady aroma. Arya's whole body shuddered, and even Catelyn blushed at the sight.

"I can't wait to taste you again," Harry said, still looking at Arya. He tucked her panties into the pocket of his jacket, a keepsake for later.

Sansa was sucking him with increasing fervor, twisting her head side to side to work him deeper. Harry's cock glistened, and Sansa made lewd, hungry noises as she fucked him with her mouth. Catelyn stroked Sansa's hair while Harry pinched her nipple through the blue silk. Arya watched with her thighs pressed together. She was rubbing them together hard, trying to relieve some of the sexual tension she was feeling.

"Spread your legs," Harry said to Arya. "I want to see you."

Arya leaned back, spread her knees wider, and let her breasts spill free of the dress. Her nipples were stiff and pink, rising from pale, perfect mounds. She reached down and touched herself while she watched Sansa suck on Harry's massive cock. The sight made Harry's cock twitch, and Sansa moaned as it jumped in her throat.

Catelyn's hand was on his cock too now. She was stroking the base while Sansa bobbed her head. She had shed the last pretense of propriety. "Are you going to finish in her mouth?" she asked Harry breathlessly.

"Maybe," he said. "Unless you want a turn."

Catelyn smiled. "I never say no to a good thing."

Arya was panting, and her hand was moving faster between her legs. He let his hands roam. He caressed Arya's breasts, squeezed them, and brushed his thumb over her sensitive nipples until she whimpered. He pushed Catelyn's dress up and found her mound. Her pussy lips were warm, slick, and ready. She opened her legs for him, and he slid a finger inside her, making her gasp. Sansa moaned around his cock and redoubled her efforts.

None of them were shy anymore. Sansa was lost in the act, and her tongue lapped at the head while her hands stroked the base. Arya was fucking herself on her own fingers and making small, desperate noises. Catelyn was rocking on Harry's hand and grinding her wet pussy against his palm. Her eyes were glazed with lust.

Harry put his hands on both Arya and Catelyn's hips and pulled them tighter to him. He kissed Catelyn hard, then turned and kissed Arya, who shivered and shook against him.

He felt himself getting close. He wanted to drag it out to see how far he could push them all before the release. He slowed Sansa down, made her lick him instead of sucking, and then turned his attention fully to the other two. He fingered Arya with two fingers, and he pushed deep, curling them in just the right way to make her squirm. He worked Catelyn's cunt the same way. He wanted them to cum first.

Sansa kept her eyes fixed on his. She was burning with need, and her own hand was now underneath her dress with two fingers buried in her pussy. Her thumb was working her clit as her wet pussy squelched around her thrusting fingers. Harry felt the tremors in Arya first, and her pussy fluttered and quivered as she arched her back and came with a shallow cry. A few seconds later, Catelyn followed, clenching hard around his fingers. She threw her head back and moaned like a whore.

Only when they had finished did Harry grab Sansa's head in both hands and start to fuck her mouth in earnest. Sansa closed her eyes and relaxed her throat, letting him in deep, until she felt the first spurt of cum hit the back of her mouth. She swallowed every drop, humming happily as she milked him dry.

Sansa swallowed every drop, then licked him clean and looked up at him, flushed with victory. Harry slid a hand to the back of her neck and stroked her gently. He showered her with praise, which made Sansa blush and squirm. She saw that his cock was still rock hard, and her pussy was needy and drooling. She stood up, let her dress fall off her shoulders, and stepped out of the pool of fabric. Her nude body was on full display, and Harry could see that the insides of her thighs were shiny and wet. The look in Sansa's eyes said it all. She wanted his cock, and she was going to have it.