

## **The Dread Lord of Essos**

### **Chapter 54**

Harry groaned, arched his back slightly, and stretched his legs as he woke. By his side was Cersei whose beautiful, blonde hair was a tangled mess. Her head was on his chest, and her arm was securely holding onto his arm. Down below, her leg was draped over his thigh. It appeared that she didn't want him to leave the bed. Harry snorted lightly as he yawned. 'The poor woman just couldn't get enough last night,' Harry thought. Harry wondered about how sexually repressed she had been while staying in the Westerosi capital. Even in her sleep, she was gently grinding her crotch against his thigh. Fading from view, Harry appeared standing up right next to the bed. Cersei didn't wake up. She was too tired from the long night.

Harry didn't need a watch to tell him that it was mid-morning, and unfortunately, he couldn't spend all day in bed. Shaking his head at the sight of his lightly-snoring aunt, he went to get ready for the new day.

The copy of himself that he had left with the Stark women had to deal with the aftermath of telling them that Robb had been slain. As expected, there was a joyous reunion now that Arya was back and safe which was quickly followed by a lot of crying and sadness at the tragic news. The copy of Harry had done its best to console them, but eventually, they made their way to their rooms to talk things over as a family. A lot of serious decisions needed to be made, but first, they needed to figure out what was going on at Winterfell.

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Asha Greyjoy slowly made their way through the Wolfswood toward their ultimate goal ... Winterfell. Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't be going anywhere near that frozen heap of bricks. Her home was the sea. When her brother sent her a letter asking if she would help hold the castle upon taking it, her first instinct was to decline his request. She didn't even want to be in the Deepwood Motte, but she had her orders, and she would follow them to the letter. Her father, Balon Greyjoy, had bided his time, waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike. Once Robb Stark had taken his army far south and was solely focused on capturing King's Landing, he knew it was time to invade the North. The fact that the Tully bitch and her daughters were gone only made it easier. There were only a couple of children left to defend the keep.

This, however, raised a problem for Asha. She figured that though the chance was small, there was a chance that Theon would be granted the Salt Throne no matter how much she deserved it. She was the one who was out there raiding and reaving, bringing glory to the Iron Islands. She was the one bringing home thralls and salt wives. She had paid the Iron Price a hundred times over. How many times had her brother paid it? Asha snorted at the thought. He knew nothing of their ways. He was an Ironborn by name only, and still, it was possible, however slim, that he could be chosen simply because he had a cock hanging between his legs. 'But he

wouldn't be chosen if he wasn't there,' Asha had sneakily thought. That left her with two choices. She could either have him killed, or she could make sure that he didn't return to the Iron Islands. The latter seemed like the less risky choice. So instead of rejecting his request, she agreed and began the long march.

The journey hadn't been easy for the Ironborn. The first leg of the journey had been. They were traveling by sea after all. Asha had first stopped by the Ten Towers on the island of Harlaw to visit her mother. It was a sad sight to see her mother in such poor health, Asha had thought. Still, she carried on with her journey. Over the Sunset Sea, she and her men had sailed. They traveled north until they entered the strait just south of Bear Island and made their way southeast to Deepwood Motte. Her thirty longships landed on the tidal flats just north of the castle, and after a month-long battle and siege, her thousand men had taken Deepwood with minimal losses.

Asha had never felt so alive. After her brother Theon had been taken, she had worked hard to be seen as a legitimate possible heir to her father's throne. Now that she was winning battles, she felt as though she had truly earned the position. However, taking Deepwood wasn't the hard part. They still had the long trek through the thick, rocky, woods that cut between the Northern Mountains and the Rills. The journey ahead of them was going to be a long and cold one. Her fears had turned out to be legitimate. Of the thousand men she had brought along, over a hundred had died along the way. Most had come down with some shivering sickness that was unknown to them. A few had fallen and had cracked their skulls on the sharp rock. One of her men had fallen and broke his back. He had begged and pleaded to be carried along, but they outright refused. She tolerated only the strong amongst her ranks. His only choice was to be left there alone or the sword. In the end, they put him to the sword despite his wishes. His constant pleas had annoyed her.

Their journey, though long and tiresome, was important, and it was nearly coming to an end. Winterfell was only a week away, and after they had captured the castle, she could finally make her way back to the Iron Islands where she longed to be.

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It was a few days later that Harry received news from his drones who had attempted to deliver a fresh shipment of goods to Deepwood. His trade ships didn't get out to Deepwood and Bear Island very often due to them having to sail all the way around Dorne and up through the Sunset Sea. He was planning on having them arrive every couple of months with fresh stocks of dried fruits and vegetables, grains, flour, and plenty of salted meats on top of the normal stock of fresh foods. That part of the North was sparsely populated, so it didn't need a constant stream of supplies for the people to survive healthily. Harry was surprised to find that a contingent of Ironborn was in control of the castle and held Robett Glover's family hostage. Robett, unfortunately, was out helping the Northern Army fight for independence and revenge.

Harry's drones made quick work of the Ironborn when they attempted to board his ships and seize his goods. Retaking the castle was quite easy since the Ironborn weren't known for their skills on dry land. The Glover family had been terrorized by the Ironborn, and as such, they weren't opposed to a bit of torture to find out exactly why they had decided to invade the North. Through some gentle persuasion, they learned that a force of a thousand more, which was headed by Asha Greyjoy, was making its way through the Wolfswood to help Theon Greyjoy sack Winterfell and take the North in the name of the Iron Island.

This left Harry in a bit of a dilemma. For his plans to continue as they were, he would need the two Stark boys gone. Harry, of course, was more than a little hesitant to let innocent children die for the sake of his fun and games. Thankfully, there happened to be another answer to his quandary that didn't involve killing. He could take the boys out of the situation while keeping them alive and healthy. Harry would just have to wait for the right opportunity.

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"Oh! That's good," Harry moaned as Catelyn rolled her hips faster and faster. Harry's hands moved up her thighs, and he relished in the sensation of her smooth skin brushing against his palms. Her tits, which were surprisingly perky for her age, were bouncing around and jiggling in a way that held his attention. Her pussy, though it wasn't nearly as tight as Sansa's, was still good enough to squeeze his cock in a way that had him constantly close to cumming. He moved his hands from her thighs to her tits and squeezed them tightly. Catelyn gasped and arched her back, thrusting her breasts harder into his hands. One of the things he loved about fucking women of Catelyn, Alerie, and Cersei's age was that they loved to fuck, and they weren't shy or nervous about showing it.

Sansa, though he loved having her in bed, was still young and inexperienced. As such, at times she could be unsure and timid in bed. Of course, when that happened, Harry would take over and dominate the poor girl, giving her multiple orgasms until she passed out from the pleasure. She would learn over time, Harry knew, just as every other woman did. Still, it was nice sometimes to just lay back and let an experienced woman work your cock, Harry thought as he did just that. Even so, Catelyn was being a bit more exuberant than normal, and Harry knew the reason as to why.

Her eyes fluttered as waves of auburn hair cascaded over her pale shoulder, covering one breast. Harry felt her insides clutch him as her hips rolled in a circular pattern. Catelyn leaned down, placing her hands on his pecs as she ground herself hard against him. Her long hair fell forward, tickling his chest as she attempted to make him cum. "It will be such a shame if this is one of our last times together," she gasped as her body shook. He could feel her trembling from both the pleasure and her nervousness.

"Yes ..." Harry moaned as her pussy became incredibly slick, a clear sign that she was beginning to cream. "... that would be a shame. But what are we to do? You and your daughters will be going back to Winterfell. It pains me to think of how close we have become," he said

while pulling her top half down and holding it in place as he fucked her fast and hard from below. Catelyn squealed like a young woman experiencing anal for the first time. Her pussy tightened, and the sounds coming from it were growing louder and wetter. He could feel her pussy juice wetting his thighs. Harry then flipped her over so that he was fiercely thrusting between her wide-open thighs. Catelyn's eyes were wide and wild with passion. "Especially Sansa and I. It is a shame we will be parted. Who knows what our future would have been," Harry said, keeping the smile from his lips.

It was more than obvious that Catelyn and Sansa wanted him to escort them home. For Harry, it would be an easy task. A clone of himself was still with the Tyrells at Highgarden after all. It would be nothing to be with the Starks at Winterfell. Harry was already planning to do just that, but he wanted the Stark women to be desperate. Desperation was good for him and bad for them. People made poor choices when desperate enough. "Indeed!" Catelyn squealed as she came on his cock. "That is why we decided to convince you to join us at Winterfell ... at least for a while. We wish to show you the same hospitality that you have shown us."

"Oh? And how do you plan on convincing me?" Harry asked with amusement as he angled his cock and hit her g-spot again, making her orgasm hit stronger. Her inner walls were rippling and massaging his thrusting shaft.

"Sansa, darling?!" Catelyn called out through her orgasm. Just then, the door quietly opened, and her daughter entered his room wearing a thin, silk robe that did little to hide her body underneath. Harry looked over and saw that her nipples were rock-hard and poking against the light, airy fabric. Her pale cheeks were pink with embarrassment. He realized that she had been outside the door listening to him fucking her mother the entire time. Sansa slowly shrugged off the delicate material, and it pooled at her feet. She stepped out of it and joined him on the bed while he continued to make her mother cum. Waddling up behind him, she wrapped her arms around his waist and nuzzled his shoulder with her small nose and soft lips.

"It appears that we got his attention, my sweetling," Catelyn moaned as her walls gripped him, and didn't want to let go. "I can feel him twitching and pulsing inside of me," she giggled, gripping the bedsheets and arching her back so that her lovely tits were thrust into the air. Part of her words were to make him even more aroused, but Harry knew that she was also throwing the fact that he was currently fucking her, into her daughter's face. Like Margaery and Alerie, Catelyn and Sansa were a bit competitive when it came to bouncing on his cock. Each wanted to be the preferred one. Harry didn't mind one bit. It only made things spicier. On occasion, Harry would bring them both in at the same time and take turns fucking them while the other watched. He had to let them know that he was the boss around here. Now that they wanted something from him, he was going to make them earn it.

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Sansa pressed her naked breasts against his bare back and wrapped her arms around his waist. She leaned over and kissed his broad shoulder, and she took a quick sniff of his skin. The

smell of his body always got her wet and right then was no different. Being in the same bed as her mother wasn't anything new to her. She had been fucked in front of her mother by Harold at least a dozen times before. It was embarrassing to be sure, but she was doing her duty to her family and the North. Of course, she would prefer to be with Harold in private, which she often was, but sometimes he liked to spice things up. When the three were together, both she and her mother saw how animalistic he became. He would fold them in half and fuck them until sun-up, leaving them exhausted and sore.

When her mother came to her earlier that day, she explained that she was to join them in bed and that the pair would do their very best to convince him to join them at Winterfell. As much as Sansa did not want to go back to that cold, dreary castle, she knew that there was no choice. With her father and oldest brother dead and the North still at war, there would likely be someone trying to take things that didn't belong to them ... especially the title of Lord of the North. That title now belonged to her younger brother, Bran, but there would be those who would use his young age against him. That's why they needed to get back to Winterfell as soon as possible. They were to set sail the following day and possibly leave Harold and his beautiful city forever. That thought did not sit well with her. She wanted him with her, as did her mother. They also needed him to come to Winterfell. If it was known that the Dread Lord was there and that they were under his protection, no one would have the guts to move against them. Perhaps then she could one day return with him, and he would make her his queen. Sansa shivered against his warm body at the thought. All of this, however, hinged on his decision whether or not to follow them home. They needed to convince him. It was absolutely imperative.

Sansa let out an aroused gasp when the tips of her hard nipples rubbed against his skin. The smell of sex hung heavy in the air, and her mother's moans of pleasure were loud to her ears. Her hands moved from his pecs down to his muscled stomach. Sansa loved feeling the hard muscles of his abs rippling. However, at the moment they were rippling because he was thrusting between her mother's spread legs. At that moment though, he pulled out, and Sansa saw inch after inch of his perfect cock slip from inside her mother. When his cock bounced free, it was shiny with her mother's wetness. "Go ahead, Sansa," she heard Harold's manly voice.

Flushing red, she moved around to his side and leaned down. The tip of his wet cock touched her lips before she opened her mouth and took his head in. Immediately, she could taste her mother's arousal on him. Harold moaned, and that was enough to get her going. She pushed her head forward and took him in further. His hand was then placed on the back of her head, and his hips began moving. Sansa closed her eyes and did the best job that she possibly could as the head of his cock slipped into her throat. She gagged, and her eyes watered profusely as he fucked her mouth. She couldn't see that beside her, her mother was masturbating at the sight of his glorious body. Sansa was just about to run out of air when his cock was pulled from her lips. She gasped loudly, sucking in deep breaths as she wiped the saliva from her lips and the moisture from her eyes. His cock was sticking out long and proud, and once again, she marveled at the length and thickness. Her eyes traveled the veins of his cock like rivers on a map. His cock was still shiny with wetness, but instead of her mother's fluids, it was wet with *her* saliva. This filled her with a sense of satisfaction, and she quickly reached out and grabbed his

length. Her hand immediately began stroking him while he was stroking her mother's damp slit with his thumb. His other hand snaked between her legs, and his fingers began to toy with her slit. "Your daughter is nice and wet," she heard him say to her mother. Sansa's cheeks heated up, but she really couldn't deny it. She was wet ... very wet, in fact, and his fingers rubbing along her sensitive slit was only making her wetter.

Suddenly, she found herself lifted up, and her body was placed facedown on top of her mother's body. They were face to face, and their tits were mashed together. She could feel her mother's hard nipples pressing firmly against her delicate skin, and she could feel her mother's body trembling. Sansa opened her legs a bit so that they rested on each side of her mother's outer thighs. Her heart was beating fast as Harold positioned her body to his liking. The bed was jostling, and Sansa looked back just as she felt the head of his cock rubbing against her opening. She gasped loudly as he pushed into her with a single thrust. Her taut lips were forced apart, and her tunnel walls were stretched to accommodate his impressive girth. Every time with him felt like her first time, Sansa thought as there was an initial flash of pain from being stretched. Harold pulled back and pushed forward again, drawing a shuddered moan from her lovely lips. Below her, she could feel her mother squirming. Within seconds, Harold was full-blown fucking her just as he had done a hundred times before, and for some reason, each time always felt better than the previous.

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Harry smirked as he began power-fucking Sansa who was draped across her mother's length. He found that he didn't even need to lift her hips up. They were moving up on their own. It wasn't a surprise to him. While she was very much the romantic type in all other circumstances, Sansa loved to be fucked like a whore in bed. She loved having her ass up in the air while he mercilessly pounded her from behind. Almost as soon as the tip of his cock touched her g-spot, Sansa began mewling and moaning harder and with more passion than she normally did. 'She's putting on a show for her mother,' Harry amusedly thought as her cheeks clapped together. Harry then pulled out, much to Sansa's disappointment. He easily slipped his cock between Catelyn's folds and fucked her while using her daughter's juices as a lubricant. It only took a few thrusts before she was also moaning like a whore. After a minute inside of Catelyn, he pulled out and switched back to Sansa. 'The only thing that would have made this better was if Arya had joined in,' Harry thought as Sansa squeezed his cock with her silky walls. 'Soon,' Harry promised himself while using his thumb to massage Sansa's asshole.

"Please, Harold ... I need more!" Catelyn moaned out her needy plea. Harry smiled naughtily and lifted Sansa off of her. The young redhead squealed as she was placed down between her mother's spread legs. He heard Sansa gasp as she came face to face with Catelyn's dripping-wet pussy. Harry's hand immediately found Sansa's upturned pussy, and he eagerly rubbed the length of her slit. He made sure to give her swollen clit plenty of attention. Sansa was wiggling her ass against his hand, letting him know that she was desperate for more. Placing his head against her folds, Harry pushed in and moaned from her wet tightness. Being inside of Sansa was heavenly, Harry thought as he fucked her harder and harder. There was

never a point in which her walls weren't clutching him. She too was moaning as Catelyn continued to squirm underneath her. "Harold!" Catelyn cried out with a desperate look in her eyes. Harry gently fisted a handful of Sansa's lovely hair at the back of her head and pushed her face down into Catelyn's sloppy pussy. Catelyn gasped in shock when Sansa's lips touched her flowering folds. From the way that her eyes fluttered, Harry guessed that Sansa had gotten the message and began licking her. The sounds of slurping only a few seconds later confirmed it for him. Holding her head and pressing her face between Catelyn's legs, Harry angled his thrusts so that he was hitting her g-spot with every clap of her cheeks. With his free hand, he reached underneath her and flicked his fingers against her hard clit. Sansa let out a loud moan which in turn caused vibrations to stimulate Catelyn's clit. Catelyn moaned loudly and grabbed the back of Sansa's head. Harry moved his hand and placed it underneath Sansa.

He loved the soft smoothness of her young, supple body. Her hips were wide and her belly was toned. Like her mother, Sansa was made for bearing children. His hand climbed up her belly and onto one of her perky tits. He gave her breast a squeeze, feeling her hard nipple slip between his fingers. He closed his fingers and pinched her nipple between them. Her pussy sounded so wet as he stuffed her over and over.

With his other hand, Harry rubbed his fingers back and forth over her clit until she squealed loudly into her mother's wet cunt. Immediately, Sansa clamped down on him and set off his own orgasm. He grunted and thrust his cock as deep as it could go. Just as he began to spill his cum into Sansa, Catelyn cried out and squeezed her legs shut, trapping Sansa's face against her pussy. Harry watched as her body bucked and spasmed. When she finally opened her legs, Sansa lifted her face up and it was covered with pussy juice. Sansa fell forward, breathing heavily even as Harry continued to cum. When his cock slipped out of her cumming pussy, Harry shot his last load of seed onto her naked ass. Both women were tangled up, breathing like they had just run a marathon. Harry, however, was stroking his cock back to hardness. If they wanted him at Winterfell, they were going to offer a lot more than just that.