

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 58

Taena of Myr was a delectably sexy woman, tall and shapely with olive skin and long, luxurious black hair. Her full lips pulled back into a pleased smile, revealing a row of perfectly white teeth as she ran her hand down her long leg. Soft, smooth skin was on full display as she lay in bed wearing practically nothing. Her large breasts hung bare, and her dark nipples were stiff and aching to be touched. She reached out and plucked a goblet of wine from the small table next to the head of her bed. Her full lip touched the goblet's rim, and she drank half of its contents before placing it back on the table. She adored wine. Especially the sweet wines that Harold, the supposed King of the Dreadlands, was now producing. She just couldn't get her fill. They were quite expensive, however, and it was costing her husband a small fortune to keep her cup filled. That fact annoyed her to no end.

When she had first met her husband, Orton Merryweather in Myr, she had seen the potential to live a life that she had always dreamed about. Growing up as the daughter of a high-priced Courtesan, she had always been around rich and powerful men. Unfortunately, the stain of her mother's profession meant that no man would dare to offer her marriage ... at least none of the men that she wanted. So when the Merryweathers were stripped of their titles and lands and were exiled, it granted her a great opportunity. She stuck by Orton, charming him with her wits and false flatteries. What he couldn't truly resist was her body. Taena had been taught well by her mother and was skilled in the sixteen seats of pleasure. After their first weekend in bed, Orton jealously kept her close at all times.

Taena, of course, felt no true affection for the man. He was simply a means to an end. He had a decent amount of gold stashed away, and she wanted it for herself. Her initial plan was to marry him, and after a year, he would come down with a mysterious illness. With no apparent cure, he would die and leave his poor, brokenhearted widow with only memories of their short romance and what was left of his family's fortune. Before she could put her plan into action, she received surprising but welcome news. King Robert of Westeros had agreed to reinstate the Merryweathers as Lords of the Kingdom and give them back Longtable, their ancestral seat in the Reach. Not wanting to be parted with the love of his life, Orton whisked her away and immediately married her upon their return to Westeros. Shortly after marriage, she received some shocking news. In return for granting them their land and title back, Robert emptied their treasury, leaving them barely better off than the peasants that they ruled over. Given the opportunity, she would have killed Robert with her own two hands.

So there she was, pregnant in a strange land while being forced to scrimp and save. It was a severe blow to her pride. Her dreams were going up in flames. All she could do was hope that her situation would eventually change for the better, and it slowly did. Eventually, they collected enough gold that she could live a decent life, by her standards. However, that wasn't enough. Her dreams as a little girl in Myr were still firmly engrained in her mind, and she would settle for nothing less. When news of that fat, lecherous, slob, Mace Tyrell getting himself killed on the

battlefield reached her ears, she knew that it was time to strike. She would never have dreamed that his sons would quickly go right after him. It was like a gift from the Gods. If she didn't act now, the opportunity would quickly pass them by.

It didn't take much convincing to turn Orton over to her way of thinking. He had always been wrapped around her delicate fingers. He turned a deaf ear to the rumors of her constant infidelities, instead believing that she would always remain faithful to him. How little did he know, she would laugh to herself.

"With the Tyrell men gone, who would be a better Lord of the Reach than you, my love?" she would whisper into his ear while riding his unimpressive cock. It was becoming a chore to fake her moans and cries of pleasure while pleasing him. She couldn't wait to be rid of him. "You can take your rightful place ... The one that was so callously stolen from you long ago. What did the Tyrells do for your family when you were cast aside? They laughed and merried in your misery. It is only by luck that you found me and were able to regain your lordship. They deserve nothing from you, my darling ... especially your loyalty."

"Your loyalty is to me and our son," she told him, thrusting her beautiful chest out while moaning in pretended pleasure. She squeezed her muscles, tightening around him. She found it easier to manipulate him when he was close to climaxing. "You have a vast army of well-trained men. With you at their head, you will be unstoppable. Highgarden will fall to your might, and I will be there to reward your gallant efforts," she gasped, running her hands up her breasts while bouncing her ass faster and faster. When he screamed out, "YES!" and finished inside of her, Taena knew that he was coming around to her way of thinking.

Since then, she worked on him a bit more until he seriously began planning something. He wouldn't tell her what, afraid that he would implicate her and their son if things turned sour. That suited her just fine since she would have tossed him to the wolves at the first opportunity if things went badly. Pleased that he was finally doing something productive to turn their fortunes around, she went back to her daily activities ... drinking wine and fucking the young, comely servants that she had intentionally surrounded herself with.

There was a knock on her door. "Enter," she called out. A pretty, young servant many years her junior came in with a fresh bottle of wine.

"Your wine, My Lady," the young servant bowed. Taena smirked.

"Put it on the table, then remove your dress and start licking," she ordered as she began sliding her panties down her long, shapely legs. Her legs opened, revealing a set of hairless lips that were shiny with wetness. The servant blushed deeply. This wasn't the first time that she had to pleasure Lady Taena, and she was certain that it wouldn't be the last. She was, at least, gladdened by the fact that it wasn't the Lord of the castle who was ordering her into bed. She placed the wine bottle on the side table and slowly slipped the dress off of her thin body. Soon after, the room was filled with the pleased moans of Lady Taena.

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“Your skin is so soft,” Harry teased Alerie Hightower who was on her back in Harry’s bed. Her legs were spread wide, giving him full access to her dripping wetness. Her outer lips were slightly spread open, giving him a peek at the light pink of her inner lips. Harry’s hands glided up the outside of her legs while he laid soft kisses up and down her inner thighs. Her whimpers were magnificent, Harry thought as his lips climbed higher. As his lips neared the junction of her legs, she thrust her hips upward, practically stuffing her wet cunt into his mouth. Her wetness smeared across his cheek and lips. Harry pushed her hips back down, flat against the bed. He wasn’t done playing with her just yet.

Since the sudden demise of her former husband, Alerie’s sexual aggression had increased many times over. It was getting to the point where she wasn’t even hiding it anymore. Earlier that day, she had been brazen enough to grab his crotch and fondle him right in front of the servants. It was no skin off of Harry’s nose. He didn’t mind one bit, but he was sure that the news would spread. ‘Maybe that’s why she’s doing it,’ Harry thought. Perhaps it was her way of spreading the news that she had a new, powerful lover. Maybe it was just her vanity coming into play. It wouldn’t surprise him if she wanted every Lady in the kingdom to know that she was the one warming the bed of the rich and powerful, King Harold. Whatever her reason might be, he wasn’t about to stop her. She was allowed to have her fun. In the meantime, he would enjoy the way her wet, silky insides clung to him so desperately.

Harry kissed her smooth mound and found her scent intoxicating. Her clit was swollen and wet, and all it took was one quick lick before she started cumming. He penetrated her with his fingers, curling them in a way that he knew would drive her mad with desire. While her body thrashed, Harry grabbed her, flipped her body upside down, and lay back on the bed. Now in the sixty-nine position, he dove into her wet pussy, licking, sucking, and making her cum even harder. Her squeaks and squeals eventually were muffled as she began slobbering all over his cock. Alerie wasn’t the best cocksucker out there, but she was skilled enough to bring him some pleasure. He particularly enjoyed having her in this position. Her constant moans felt wonderful as she bobbed her head and took him halfway down her throat. Harry was surrounded by the smell of her cumming pussy, and his mouth was nearly flooded by the torrent of juices squirting from her cunt. Wrapping his lips around her throbbing clit, he sucked hard and immediately felt her body start to quiver. She pushed down hard and began grinding her hips against his face.

Suddenly, Harry received a mental ping from one of his drones who was tasked to invisibly follow Margaery around the castle. Harry kept her under constant watch to both keep her safe and to listen to all of the secret meetings that she had been having with her grandmother. At that moment, Margaery was taking a nighttime stroll through one of the many gardens that Highgarden had to offer. It was an activity that she often did, especially when he was spending some quality time with her mother. Normally, that wasn’t a cause for concern. Security had been tightened by Olenna since the deaths of the Tyrell males. She knew very well that they were ripe for the picking after being left politically vulnerable. However, as tight as their security was, it

wouldn't stop someone with enough motivation, and the chance to take the Tyrells' place as Lords of the Reach was as good as it gets.

At that very moment, a shadowy figure was hiding between two thick bushes and was only discovered by a quiet, muffled sneeze that would have gone unnoticed if not for the enhanced hearing of his magical drone. Instantly, another invisible drone was sent to investigate. Harry was looking through its eyes ... seeing what it saw. There was definitely someone there, crouched and ready to spring forward at a moment's notice. The open-air garden was dark, but there was enough moonlight to see the glint of a steel blade. Another mental ping captures his attention. Asleep in her bed, Olenna had no idea that several men were slowly making their way to her room, dressed as servants. Harry watched that scene unfold for a second. As they came upon a guard several corridors away, they were stopped for questioning. One of the men was holding a tray of food while another was holding a pot of tea and a cup on a silver tray. This gave the guard enough pause that he didn't see another servant pull out a knife. A short, surprised yelp left his lips as the blade was jammed straight into his eye socket. The guard was quickly grabbed and slowly lowered to the ground so as to not make any noise. They finished him off by slitting his throat.

This left Harry with a bit of a dilemma. Olenna was useless to him. Either alive or dead, it wouldn't change his plans. She was a callous, coldhearted woman who would kill Harry herself if she thought it would bring her family more wealth or power. Letting her be killed would leave Margaery even more heartbroken, but then again, it would also push her further into his control. However, saving the old bat's life would cement Margaery's trust that he was the only one able to keep her and her family safe. In the end, Harry decided to save the grizzled, old cow.

Alerie was squealing around his cock while furiously humping his face. He sucked hard on her clit and magically filled her body with pleasure. She pulled off of his cock, throwing her head back, and screamed as she suffered through an explosive orgasm. He then hit her with a Stunner, knocking her out cold. He pushed her off of him and stood up. With barely a thought, his clothes were back on his body.

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Margaery loved taking long walks through the gardens at night. Some of her favorite flowers only bloomed at night, and their lovely scents would fill the cold, night air. Shivering slightly, she wrapped her white fur coat tighter around her body. It had been a gift from Harold. Margaery loved showing off all of the gifts that he had given her. She reveled in the jealousy that she could plainly see in the eyes of her many handmaidens. That night, however, they weren't the only ones who were jealous. Once again, her amorous mother had secretly slipped into Harold's room and was likely bouncing on his perfect cock while she was left to her own devices. It wasn't fair, and complaining to her grandmother had gotten her nowhere.

"Oh, just let your slut of a mother keep spreading her legs. She may as well be of some use to this family," her grandmother had said when she complained. Margaery wasn't going to lie, this

was beginning to annoy her. How could she win Harold's heart if she was constantly being blocked by her own mother? So with nothing better to do, she decided to take another walk through the garden to help collect her thoughts.

The moon provided just enough light to see without a torch, though a bit of light was also produced by the torches that were hung along the walls of the courtyard. A slight breeze made the flowers and plants dance from side to side. Walking along a narrow path, she reached both hands out and brushed her fingers across the flowers' delicate petals. She would miss these flowers once the cold, winter air caused them to wilt and die. The night was almost silent. There were no frogs croaking or birds chirping, and there was no buzzing of insects. There was only the quiet rustling of plants to keep her company. Two guards stood at the entrance of the garden, but they were far enough away that she couldn't hear their quiet chatter.

Margaery followed the same path that she always walked. The far end of the garden was just ahead where she would turn left and follow another stone path back to the entrance. The trek was very familiar to her. She had walked it at least a thousand times before ... but this time, it felt different. There was an eerie feeling that she just couldn't shake. It almost made her turn back, but she decided that she was just being childish. These gardens had always been a place of joy for her, especially as a child. She continued on, the smell of blossoms filling her nose. When she reached the end of the path, she turned left like she always did. Far away from the wall torches, she found it a bit hard to see. The moon was suddenly blocked out by the tall courtyard wall. The shadows were thick there, and she used the tall bushes on her right and the dying sunflowers on her left to help guide her through the darkness. The heels of her boots clacked loudly against the cobbled ground, sounding louder than normal in the silence of winter. She heard a rustle behind her, and she spun around violently. One of the castle cats burst out from the hedge, holding a squealing mouse in its mouth. It took one look at Margaery before running off to enjoy its dinner. Margaery let out a nervous laugh as she placed a hand over her upper breast. Her heart was thundering in her chest. Not wanting to be out there any longer than necessary, she turned back around and quickly walked down the path.

She hadn't made it far when she thought that she had heard the guards up front say something. As she turned her head to look, a hand covered her mouth, muffling her scream of fright. Her body was yanked hard, and she felt someone press against her from behind. Thrashing in panic, the hand moved from her mouth to her throat. The crushing force of the man's squeeze was enough to block all the air from entering her mouth and nose. Margaery's eyes bulged as she struggled for a breath. Then his face was near hers.

"Stop fighting, girl, and I'll make this quick," he whispered in a hoarse voice. His free arm rose, and in his hand was a jagged blade as long as his hand was wide. It felt like an eternity waiting for the blade to come down and plunge itself into her chest or belly. A million different things flashed through her mind. Her childhood ... summers with her brothers ... the family trips to the lake ... the time she had spent behind the stables with her first crush. All of it would quickly come to a brutal end.

There was a glint of light too fast to truly see. She would replay the image of the man's hand with the dagger still in its grip tumbling through the air over and over in her mind. Then his bloody stump began to squirt blood. His screams were blood-curdling. The hand holding her throat eased up before he was violently pulled from her body. Margaery hunched over, gasping for breath. She heard thumps and thuds behind her, and when she finally turned around, she saw her lover, Harold standing there with his black sword drawn. Still in shock, she looked down to see her assailant unconscious ... or possibly dead. Her body was trembling, and her legs nearly gave out. Thankfully, Harold was there to take her into his strong, warm arms. As her head touched his chest, she breathed in his wonderful scent. Her arms wrapped around his waist, and she squeezed him tightly. She was safe.

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"Sound the alarm!" Harry shouted to the two guards.

"What's goin' on?!" one of them shouted back.

"Intruders in the castle! Assassins tried to kill Lady Margaery!" he responded.

Margaery was clutching him tighter than she ever had. He thought about peeling her off of him, but he decided to let her have her moment. She was likely traumatized by the whole situation. "Come along, Margaery ... We need to get you to safety. There could be more men in the castle," Harry told her. He felt her nod against him before her arms loosened their tight grip. Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and quickly walked her along the path and back into the castle. It wasn't long before guards were running up to them.

"Over there on the ground," Harry pointed. "Get him some medical help, and then lock him in the dungeons. We need him alive for questioning," he ordered. They nodded and ran over to the downed man who was just coming to. Harry could hear his pained groans as he escorted Margaery into the castle.

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Olenna was abruptly woken by the ringing of the castle bells. She lay in bed for a moment, blinking away the drowsiness before she realized that something major was happening. The guards didn't ring the alarm bells on a whim after all. She was on her feet as fast as humanly possible, which wasn't very fast considering her advanced age. Dressing as quickly as possible, she went to her bedroom door and opened it up. At first glance, nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Then she realized that something was missing. Where were the guards who were supposed to be right outside of her door? Stepping out further, she turned her head and looked left. Nothing. Turning her head to the right, she spotted several men surrounding her two guards who were on the ground. One of the men pulled a dagger from one of her guard's chest and looked up. Their eyes met.

“Go get her!” he shouted. “We need to hurry!”

As they were getting up, Olenna did the only sensible thing and bolted back into her room. She slammed the door and locked the bolt from the inside. There was a loud bang as they tried to force the door open. Olenna stepped back in a panic. Coming to her senses, she hurried to her bed and pulled out the hidden dagger that she kept as a last line of defense. Holding the handle tightly in her shaking hand, all she could do was wait.

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As Harry escorted the frightened girl into the castle, he watched through his drones' eyes as they tore down the long hall and turned the corner. Three men were taking turns kicking a thick, wooden door that he knew was Olenna's. Obviously not worried about their own safety, his drones ran down the hall with their swords drawn. The beating of their feet against the stone ground quickly caught the men's attention.

“Shit! The guards!” one of them shouted. Not willing to enter into a sword battle with only daggers, they did the sensible thing and ran. They had no chance of escaping his magical drones. The last in line was tripped up, tumbling to the ground where a drone pinned him in place. Another was hacked in the shoulder by a drone's sword. The man dropped, his head striking the stone ground hard with a hollow thunk. Only a few twitches from his leg indicated that he was still alive. The third made it to a narrow set of stairs that led to the floor below. As he took his first step, he was violently shoved from behind. Falling headfirst down the first flight, his body bounced off of the steps, and he came down on his head. His head bent almost completely backward so that the back of his head was touching his upper spine. The crack of bones was sickening. Harry watched as his body became limp, and the last few wheezing breaths left his lungs. There would be no interrogation for that man. Still, two out of three wasn't bad, Harry thought as he calmed the panicking Margaery with gentle words and soft kisses, promising that he would always keep her safe.