

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 52

Her body thrashed wildly, though it barely moved. A strong, masculine arm was around her back, holding her firmly. Her legs were open enough for him to thrust away unfettered. Another orgasm hit her, and her thighs snapped shut but were blocked by his strong hips. She squeezed them tightly, hoping he would stop, but it was of no use. The pleasure was too intense, and she was afraid that she might actually pass out. How embarrassing would that be, she vaguely thought just as Harold flipped her over so that she was now straddling his waist.

Margaery flung her head back, causing her long, chestnut hair to whip out behind her. Falling forward, she was just able to keep herself in an upright position by catching herself against his chest. She could feel the powerful muscles rippling under her soft palms. His hands slid down her arms, and his fingertips brushed against the incredibly sensitive skin of her underarms. Margaery shuddered, and her body clutched him tighter. His fingers brushed down her body further and tickled the skin on the sides of her perky breasts. Again, her pussy squeezed him in response. His hands never stopped roaming, and Margaery kept her eyes closed, relishing in the sensation. Gathering her strength, she rolled her hips and began working his cock just the way she knew he liked. Margaery didn't just get lost in the passion whenever the two were in bed. She used her training and studied the situation. She made mental notes of the things he liked and what got him the most excited. From many, many hours of research, she knew that he liked it when she rode him confidently with her hair over her shoulders and her breasts proudly displayed. So that was what she did.

Her hips flowed smoothly over his skin as they jerked back and forth. Margaery could feel his massive girth inside of her, rubbing against her silken walls and hitting her most pleasurable spots. Her hair was bouncing against her nude back and brushing against her ass, and it was so long that she wondered if it was tickling his thighs. Her arms were at her sides, and her back was slightly arched. Her breasts were one of her favorite features about herself. They weren't large by any means, but they weren't exactly small either. They were very perky and shaped beautifully. There was no sag to them whatsoever. They weren't too far apart like some girls'. No, they were damn near perfect, she thought, especially with her light pink areolas and nipples that jutted out, crinkled and hard. Many of her past lovers complimented her on her lovely breasts. It was no surprise that Harold would love them all the same. Margaery was proud of them, as she was the rest of her willowy body. She was happy to display them to her lover. She didn't mind that his hands cupped them, or that his thumbs gently flicked against the hard tips of her nipples. The jolt of pleasure that raced down her spine only made the sex better, in her opinion.

His hand glided down her slim belly and over her smooth mound. Margaery waited with bated breath as his fingers closed in on their connection. When he touched her swollen clit, she squealed, came again, and collapsed onto him. Her body shook, and her naked breasts pressed against his chest. Margaery lightly bit down on his shoulder as his muscled arms encircled her

tiny waist. She knew what was coming. She often collapsed into his arms, unable to keep herself going. Harold, however, gave her no respite then, and he wouldn't do so now either. The thought barely entered her mind when his hips pushed up, driving his perfect cock deep inside of her. The new angle was even better than before, she thought as she cried out and came harder. Again and again, his hips bucked, and he thrust directly into her g-spot. With every thrust of his hips, her orgasm exploded with mind-numbing pleasure. Her entire body tingled with blissful satisfaction that she had never experienced with any other lover.

Overcome with affection, she began kissing up his shoulder and neck until she reached his lips. Once there, she kissed him with more passion than she had ever kissed anyone else. She could feel him pulsing inside of her, and all she wanted was for him to seed her, but instead, he rolled her over again so that she was on her back. Without thinking, her legs opened wide, and Harold took the opportunity to thrust even harder.

Margaery broke the kiss and cried out, "Finish inside of me ... please!" she begged as her body continuously welcomed him into her depths. She could feel him smile against her cheek.

"My, my, my darling, Margaery ... Aren't you afraid that you might find yourself with child?" she heard him tease. Margaery, however, flushed in embarrassment. Truthfully, she wouldn't mind at all if she did. It would all but ensure that Harold was hers. Just the thought made her pussy clamp down so hard that she was practically choking him. He moaned deeply and kissed her soft lips. Margaery eagerly kissed him back. When she felt the sudden warmth spread throughout her lower half, she was ecstatic. Her legs wrapped around his waist, and she locked her ankles together. She wasn't going to let him up until she had drained him of every last drop.

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The following morning, Margaery couldn't keep the smile from her lips as she strolled through the garden. She didn't even notice her grandmother until she grabbed her by the upper arm and said, "Come, child. Let us talk."

"What about, Grandmother?" Margaery asked as she was pulled deeper into the garden where they wouldn't be overheard.

"I couldn't help but notice that you've shared your bed three nights in a row," Olenna spoke bluntly. Margaery wasn't shocked in the slightest that her grandmother was keeping track of her actions. The old woman did her best to know every little thing that went on in Highgarden.

"Oh?" Margaery asked with a small smile still playing on her lovely lips. This smile, however, was a bit more like a smirk than the one before.

"Indeed," Olenna responded. "And with Harold Hill nonetheless."

“Grandmother!” Margaery quickly chastised the old woman. “It wouldn’t be wise to insult him.” If Harold heard her grandmother saying such things, he may very well take offense and decide to leave. And where would that leave them? In a very bad place, that’s where.

This time it was Olenna who smirked slightly. “Is it an insult to call out a bastard for what he is? Perhaps he does not remember that he is a bastard. He is so busy playing the role of a king.”

“And why shouldn’t he?” Margaery asked as Olenna threaded her arm through hers. “He has more power and gold than any other who can make a similar claim.”

“That is true,” Olenna nodded. “Some call him a king, and others call him a bastard. Titles are meaningless. What matters is power.”

“So what is your point, Grandmother?” she asked. The roses were beginning to wilt, and soon, the gardens would be bare.

“I’ve received a raven. Several days ago, Robb Stark and a small group of his men infiltrated the Red Keep in the dark of night.” Margaery gasped with wide eyes. Olenna nodded, trying desperately to hold back her grin.

“He was able to kill the boy-king Tommen before he was caught and killed himself. Currently, the North and the Crown are without their heads,” the old woman informed her granddaughter.

“Everything is happening so fast,” Margaery whispered, her hand covering her mouth. So many had died in such a short time.

“That is what happens in war,” Olenna agreed. “From what I could gather, the old lion, Tywin Lannister has crowned himself King,” she snorted with amusement. “I doubt he has endeared himself to whatever allies he has left.”

“Can he do that? Crown himself, I mean,” Margaery asked, and Olenna shrugged.

“He can do whatever he pleases, but he will only be a legitimate King if everyone else recognizes him as such. Can you imagine the rest of the Seven Kingdoms doing so?” she asked. Margaery shook her head.

“I too have my doubts. This is why I wish to speak with you. Harold ... With his wealth and power, he could back his grandfather, and there will be little that the rest of us can do about it. The boy seems to hold you in high regard. He would have to if he is spending his nights in bed with you.”

Margaery’s face began to heat up at her grandmother’s words. “You must continue with what you are doing. Do your best to keep him here and on our side. I will speak with your worthless mother. If nothing else, she’ll be another smooth body for him to fuck,” Olenna said with a sour

look on her face. She had little respect for Alerie Hightower. “The woman already acts like a bitch in heat whenever he is around.”

Margaery sniffed, finding the thought uncouth and unappealing. She knew that Harold spent time in her mother’s bed. Why though, she didn’t know. She was prettier than her mother and younger as well. She would bet her collection of dresses that she was better in bed than her mother as well. Perhaps her grandmother was correct, and men will simply fuck anyone they find appealing without a second thought.

“If we play this right, Margaery, Harold may well end up on the throne with you as his Queen,” Olenna told her. Margaery’s eyes lit up. Her as Harold’s Queen? She found the thought appealing.

“Do you truly think so?” Margaery asked, her eyes filled with wonder.

“Who can say? It is certainly a possibility. A man with power will always crave a little more, but even if it doesn’t, you must still keep up with your current plans. Our family is teetering on the brink of disaster, and you are our only hope. He can protect you, and as long as you are alive, we control Highgarden.”

“Do you think any of the other Noble Houses from the Reach will try something?” Margaery asked nervously. It was *her* life on the line after all.

“I would not be shocked,” Olenna simply said. “I have increased security as much as possible, but I would ask you to remain inside the castle for the time being. Greed is a powerful motivator.”

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Harry smiled to himself as he stood close by, invisibly listening to the old woman. ‘Olenna never stops with the schemes,’ he told himself, amused by her antics. Little did they know that he did have his eye on the throne. Who, if anyone, would be his Queen was still up in the air. Margaery was a good candidate, Harry thought. She was practically trained to be a Queen from birth. She had the presence and beauty of a Queen, and though she was a schemer like her grandmother, Harry could tell that she had a good heart. He also genuinely enjoyed being with her. No matter what happened, he planned on having the girl by his side, one way or another. He wasn’t going to tell her that though. No, he thought happily. He would let Margaery and her mother tempt him into staying by using their beauty and sexuality. It would be fun to see how far they were willing to go.

For the time being, he would be forced to leave a copy of himself behind. They wouldn’t know the difference as it was identical, and he would be controlling it personally. Unfortunately, he couldn’t spend all his time in bed with Margaery. There were plans that needed to be

implemented, and there were people he needed to go and see. Thankfully, he was quite adept at multitasking.

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The House of Seven Lamps was a place that many wished to visit, but many could not afford. Located Northeast of the Happy Port, it was a mixture of inn, tavern, and mummer's house where a patron could come and listen to some of the best music or drown their sorrows in an assortment of wines, ales, and liquors from all over the world. Most nights, the patrons were loud and rowdy with merriment. That night was no different.

Arya walked confidently between the many tables filled with drunken louts eager to empty their money bags. Her brown hair flowed down to her shoulder blades in soft waves, and her skin was sweet-smelling from the honey dust she powdered herself with. A light gray dress of expensive silk cascaded down over one shoulder, leaving the other bare. Her face was lightly painted with eyeshadow and lipstick. She almost didn't recognize herself when she looked in the mirror. She had come quite far from the skinny girl of nine namedays who looked like a boy. Though she knew that she would never be among the most beautiful girls in the city, she was pleased that she would no longer be called Arya Horseface.

Catcalls and indecent propositions were tossed her way as she walked among the clods who disguised themselves as wealthy merchants. More than one hand reached out and touched her. She slapped one hand away that had so eloquently grabbed her ass. She pulled her arm away from another who attempted to pull her onto his lap. The old Arya would have been shocked at such behavior, but she now knew that this was nothing but normal in places like this. She had been in Braavos long enough to have learned that lesson well. Ignoring them, no matter how much she wanted to stick them with her blade, she carried on toward the back corner of the room where the most wealthy were seated. As she did, she saw her man.

Handsome and young, she almost felt sorry for him, and she wondered what he had done to earn such retribution. It was possible that he had done nothing. Perhaps a wealthy competitor put the price on his head to knock him out of the competition. It had been done before, many times in fact. The House of Black and White was practically built on it. However, it wasn't for her to judge. Trying to calm her thumping heart, she let a sweet, innocent smile play on her face. Who would ever suspect that a teenage girl would be capable of murder?

When asked why she would not be wearing a face, they told her that the man in question had specific tastes. Those tastes just happened to fall in line with what she really looked like. Arya was strangely flattered but in the end, it made no difference. She had a job to do, and she would do it regardless. She focused on placing one foot in front of the other and walking as though she had been trained in the arts of pleasure, which of course, she hadn't. That mattered little though. In Braavos, no one was who they seemed. She stopped in front of his table and waited. His head tilted up, and he smiled.

He was certainly handsome, she thought ... very handsome indeed. His hair was long and black, and he reminded her of the men from the North. The only difference was that his hair was shiny and clean instead of the matted and oily hair that she was used to. His clothes were fine and very well-made. They were obviously expensive. As she suspected, he was wealthy. His clothes weren't of a Braavosi style, which meant that he was likely foreign. "Are you the girl he sent?" he asked in a pleasant-sounding voice. Yes, definitely foreign, she thought.

"I am," Arya responded in her fake Braavosi accent.

"Then come, sit down," he said with a smile. He pulled out the chair that was next to him, indicating that that was where he wanted her to sit. She would be near the aisle and visible to those around her. 'Damn,' she thought. That would make it much harder. Not showing her annoyance, she smiled and sat down daintily.

"Meisko certainly knows what I like," he saucily stated, checking her body out as she sat. Arya's cheeks heated up, but she played it cool. As soon as her bottom touched the padded seat of her wooden chair, it was pulled closer to him, causing the wooden feet to grind along the floor.

From what Arya was told by the Kindly Man, once a price had been accepted, the man was watched until a weakness was found. Women ... It was always women, Arya thought. He always went through the same man who knew his way around the whores of the city. If you had a type, he could find a match ... for a nominal fee, of course. So Arya had her orders. She tracked down the whore, who like her, was petite, had brown hair, and was young. Arya caught her just as she was leaving her room. One chokehold later and the girl was out like a light. She dragged her back into the room and slipped a few drops of sleeping solution into her mouth. Knowing that she would be out for at least a day, Arya dragged the girl to bed and stripped her of her dress. She spent the next few minutes in the girl's room putting on her dress and using her makeup. Once done, she left to find her target.

As she was pulled close, his muscled arm slid around her shoulder. Quickly glancing around, Arya saw that most of the women in the tavern were in the same position and that they were enjoying themselves, or at least they were pretending to. Wealthy men loved whores, and the whores loved their gold. Doing as they do, Arya leaned in and rested her head on his shoulder. Looking up, she batted her eyelashes and smiled sweetly. Only a few seconds later, a young woman came up carrying two drinks. She sat them down at their table with a seductive smile aimed at her target.

"Our drinks ...?"

"Belayova," Arya quickly answered, nuzzling up to him. She noticed that he smelled good. In fact, he smelled much better than any man she had ever been physically close to.

"Belayova ... Such a pretty name. You can call me Harry," he smiled at her. "Now drink up and let us enjoy ourselves."

With little else that she could do, Arya did just that. She sipped on her drink while a musician sang his ballad on stage. When he was done, the crowd whooped and cheered. Arya, meanwhile, continued to look for an opportunity. Sadly, poison was out for the time being. He kept his glass on the opposite side. 'He must be left-handed like me,' she thought. She couldn't just drive a dagger into his heart right here in front of everyone. That would be ridiculous. No, for now, she needed to keep playing along. An opportunity will always make itself known.

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'Will that singer ever shut up?' Arya asked herself as she was brought her fourth drink of the night. Her brain was already feeling a bit fuzzy since she couldn't just toss the drinks and pretend that she drank them. Having to drink them all down, she was feeling just a tad tipsy. She suddenly jumped when he placed his hand on her thigh. Embarrassed from being caught off-guard, she looked at him and smiled, hoping that he hadn't noticed. Whores didn't flinch like that. She placed her head back on his shoulder when he turned his head and placed his lips on hers. Arya's eyes widened as she received the kiss. It was soft at first, but then it deepened. His hand crept ever higher, and he squeezed her thigh.

Arya was losing her mind. She wasn't actually a whore! She had never even been kissed before, and yet, here she was. Not knowing how to properly kiss and afraid that she would be discovered, she simply did the best that she could. She copied his technique and pretty much just let him do as he wanted. She couldn't lie to herself and say that she didn't like it because she did. A lot, in fact. It was making certain feelings stir within her, and her body began to tingle and throb in all the right places. He suddenly broke the kiss and placed his lips against her cheek. He then laid kisses down her jaw and onto her neck. Arya squirmed, though she desperately tried not to. "Let's go to my room," he said, kissing her lips again. Dazed, Arya nodded.

They left the table, and he escorted her through the crowds of drunken patrons. The annoying singer was still warbling his tune on stage, and Arya very much hoped that someone would place a price on his head. They slipped through a backdoor and walked up the stairs to the second floor. From there, it was a short walk to his room. Once the door had been locked behind them, she found herself in his grasp once again. This time he practically devoured her mouth. Arya's knees nearly buckled when he sucked on her tongue for the first time. She could feel herself growing wet. She needed to finish this before things got out of hand. As his hands gripped her ass, she reached underneath a fold in her dress. Her fingers found the handle of her trusty dagger, and she slipped it into her palm. His hands moved up her back while his lips danced across the skin of her slender throat. Arya moaned as he softly nipped at her skin. His hand pulled on the strap over her shoulder, and he tugged the top of her dress down. His lips moved back up to hers while his hand touched her bare chest. Her nipple grew hard as his fingers gently caressed it. As he sucked on the sensitive skin of her neck, Arya cried out as she came. With what little common sense that she had left, she steeled herself and thrust her hand forward.

Instead of plunging her venom-coated blade into his ribs, she found her hand blocked just before she was tumbling through the air. Arya thankfully hit something soft ... a bed, she thought just before her body bounced and her momentum carried her forward. She hit the hard, wooden floor with a loud thump. Arya blinked the spots from her eyes in a moment of confusion. A second later, she jumped to her feet ready to fight, only to find her target standing there with her dagger in his hand. He was examining it with a smile still on his face.

"Finely crafted," he complimented it. Arya stepped back against the wall to give herself as much room to dodge as possible. She watched him sniff the blade. "Scorpion venom?" he asked, sounding amused. Arya watched for any sudden movement, breathing heavily.

"Who are you?" she asked in a slight panic.

"King Harold of the Dreadlands ..." he began. Arya's stomach dropped. She was in some big, big trouble.

"... and we need to have a talk, Arya Stark."