

## The Dread Lord of Essos

### Chapter 44

Daenerys was nervous as she sat on her large, ornate throne located in the upper parts of the Great Pyramid of Meereen. She looked to the side and saw her paramour, King Harold, sitting on a throne that dwarfed even hers. He looked as though he didn't have a care in the world. It amazed her that he could fight and win a war, then just go on like nothing happened. On his other side was a throne smaller than either of theirs. Her best friend, Princess Myrcella, was sitting regally upon it, though she looked just as nervous as Dany felt.

Dany was very glad that Harold wasn't leaving her here just yet. According to him, both she and Myrcella had a lot of learning to do if they wanted to rule properly. Dany was only too happy to agree with him. She didn't know the first thing about ruling a city of this size, other than what he had already taught her, of course. Not only that, but Dany wanted to remain by his side for a while longer. She studied his face, and she began to blush. Her face was beginning to heat up, and she was forced to rub her thighs together. The pleasant tingle between her legs was only getting worse the longer she stared at him. Now that their relationship had turned physical, she was loath to be parted from him for any long period of time. When she finally did take over as ruler of Meereen, she would make it known that she expected him to visit often. By the way, Myrcella was staring at him, Dany guessed that she would agree with her. The clanking of heavy chains made her turn her attention back to the matters at hand.

An older woman with gray-peppered black hair came shuffling in, escorted by a guard with a spear. The thick chains manacled her hands together, as well as her ankles. She was wearing a torn, ratty tokar of green and black. It was torn down the front so much that Dany was surprised that her breasts hadn't been showing. Still, sections of her belly, sides, and shoulders were bare for her to see. The older woman sent Harold a glare as she stopped short. She pulled a face and spat at his feet. What sounded like wood cracking against stone echoed throughout the stone-walled throne room. The woman screamed in pain and lurched forward. It was then that Dany saw that the guard had cracked her in the back of the head with the butt of his spear. The woman dropped to her knees, slurring obscenities while trying to reach the back of her head with her manacled hands. The guard wasn't having any of it though. She was grabbed by the back of her ripped tokar and pulled to her feet. The already torn tokar protested with the sound of a loud rip. The material now draped off her shoulder, exposing the entirety of one of her saggy breasts.

"Dany ... This is Merilarah of House Naqqan," Harry told her as the older woman was dragged before them. "You'll be the one responsible for the judgment and sentencing of her and everyone else you see today."

She couldn't stop her heart from beating fast. Harold had done this to her before, she thought. Back in his city, he would sometimes tell her to sentence the criminals that were caught. She didn't particularly like doing it, but as a ruler, it was something that had to be done. Dany nodded

as Harry stood up. "Take my seat. When I'm absent, you are the ultimate authority here. Myrcella, you take Dany's seat," Harry ordered. The girls quickly did as he said and switched seats.

Harry stood off to the side and watched as Dany listened to the slaves and witnesses testifying against the Naqqan woman. The woman was a real piece of shit. She enjoyed forcing slave children to fight each other with kitchen knives during their feasts. At some point, Dany had heard enough and sentenced her to life with hard labor. When she had, she quickly turned to him and explained. "The city needs to be repaired!" she chirped, sounding a bit defensive of her choice. She probably thought that he would get angry if she didn't sentence everyone to death. Harry just smiled at her and walked up behind her. He ran his fingers through her long, silvery-blond hair. He felt her shudder as he touched her. Her hair reminded him of Fleur and Gabrielle from his old life. Dany leaned into the touch.

"Sentence them as you see fit, Dany. Remember that you're the ruler here. Remember that your actions and choices have consequences not only for yourself but for the city as a whole. If you keep that in mind, I'm sure you'll make the right choices," he told her gently. "And you are correct, the city does need to be repaired. I'll return later today and escort you girls to your room. I have business that needs attending to."

Harry left them to it. He snorted as one slave owner tried to run away even though he was shackled. The drone-guard that was escorting the prisoners to be tried threw his spear and impaled the young man right through the back. The spear exploded out the front of his chest, and he dropped dead on the spot. Harry chuckled while Myrcella squeaked in shock and disgust. Dany just looked slightly green. There was no more need to try the man as he was dragged away. His body would be tossed in the desert where scavengers would pick the carcass clean. Harry shook his head and left the girls to continue on their own.

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Mace Tyrell's eyes blinked open before letting out a loud, bellowing yawn. His arms moved out before him, and his back arched as he stretched his aching muscles. He heard several joints crack, and then, he felt something unexpected and unwanted. A cramp began building up in his hamstring. He hissed and fiercely rubbed the back of his leg, hoping to massage the cramp away before it could properly build. Instead, the pain hit him like a wave. He hissed again and bit down on his fist. Thankfully, after a minute or so, the pain began to die down until it lingered as a dull throb. Then something moved beside him.

"Is something wrong, Mi'Lord?" the whore at his side asked.

"Never you mind," Mace said, flipping the blanket off of him. "Now wake me up properly," he ordered. The whore sighed and got to work.

Five minutes later, Mace exited his warm tent to a surprise. The grass in the field that they were camped in was white. As he stepped out onto it, the ground beneath his feet crunched. "Fucking hell!" he whispered. As he did, a misty cloud billowed from his mouth, and he shivered from the sudden chill.

He had been woken up during the night by a strong wind, but he had no idea that a winter chill was rolling in. This wasn't good news for his army. They weren't prepared for the winter. They had no skins to drape over themselves or anything else useful to keep themselves warm. He was in such a hurry to join in on the push for the throne that there was no time to properly prepare. 'At least the others are in the same predicament,' he thought to himself. King's Landing loomed large in the distance. It kept him motivated even though he sorely missed the comforts of home.

All around him, men prepared for battle. Makeshift blacksmith shops were already pounding out new swords and pieces of armor when they weren't repairing vital equipment that tended to break at the worst possible times. Patrols circled the encampment, watching out for Stark's army in particular. They were the closest of his two enemies, and they loved to strike fast and hard before slipping away into the woods. Those damn Northerners certainly knew how to use the woods to their advantage. The Lannister army was further on the opposite side of the city, though Tywin had somehow snuck into the city proper. Mace had raged when he found out. This gave Tywin a great advantage over both him and Stark. It wasn't long until it was realized that he and some of his men had snuck in through a secret passage. Since then, the passage was blocked and was being watched by all. Each army had tried more than once to take the passage forcefully, only to be repelled by the other two. By then, there was little doubt that Tywin had permanently blocked the passage from the inside. An open passage was a risk that the old lion couldn't afford.

Mace suddenly felt something brush against his nose in a tickling sort of way. He wiped his nose and looked up. Tiny blobs of white powder were slowly falling from the sky. Mace winced. It seemed that winter had arrived.

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Tywin rubbed the area between his eyes as his grandson left his study. He had been trying to teach the boy how to be a proper King, but Tommen was still too young. He couldn't grasp the magnitude of the responsibilities that had been heaped upon his small shoulders. Cersei, of course, was of no help. Instead of helping the boy, she seemed intent on making herself the ruler of the Seven Kingdoms. She insisted on being present during every meeting. She had been caught giving orders that should have been coming from Tommen or his Hand, which was him. The woman was going to give him an ulcer.

Upon first arrival, Tywin found the capital city in the sorriest state that he had ever seen. There was no law and order whatsoever. The smallfolk ran around like a bunch of savages, stealing and looting anything in sight. Most of the Gold Cloaks had been killed, and those that lived

weren't dumb enough to try and go at it alone. Members of the Court had huddled in their large, gated manses while their private security kept them safe. Not all survived though. Poor Gertrude Grayhill ... The less said about what had happened to her the better. They still hadn't found her head yet. Her manse had been looted down to the floorboards, and her private guards had been found in the back garden. They didn't even bother burying the bodies. They were left out for the stray dogs to eat.

After sneaking into the city with Jaime's help, Tywin immediately got to work. His men made up the new City Watch, and they quickly brought law and order back into the city. Of course, the means by which they established law and order was less than pleasant, but as far as he was concerned, the peasants got what they deserved. It would be years before any of them were brave enough to try something like that again. Now he had a fully functional City Watch, and the best part was that they were loyal to him, not the Crown. They were Tywin's chosen men after all. King's Landing was too important to risk on a child such as Tommen, especially when the boy didn't show the slightest amount of killer instinct. All in all, he found the boy to be a disappointment. If only he could have been like his other grandson. Tywin shook his head and stood up. He placed his hands on his hips and tilted his upper half back. He groaned as he stretched the muscles in his lower back. He was really beginning to feel his age. Tywin walked to the window and looked out. Blackwater Bay stretched out before him. Sadly, there were very few ships coming and going. In fact, almost no ships could be seen. The only ones in sight were from Harold's fleet. Massive black trading ships with beautiful, cream-colored sails were pulling into port as he watched. No doubt they were loaded with fresh fruits, vegetables, grains, honey, mouth-watering meats, and fish of all varieties. Tywin would make sure that he got his pick of the lot before anyone else.

Unlike Joffrey, Tywin made certain that the peasants were fed. All those rubbish "Food Taxes" were now gone, and the smallfolk once again received their normally allotted supply of sustenance. The peasants didn't need much in their lives. They were used to going without. The only thing that they couldn't do without was fresh food and water. Take that away, and you would have trouble on your hands. Joffrey was too stupid to realize this until it was too late, and he paid dearly for it. Tywin would not make such a mistake. He had enough problems without having to worry about the smallfolk coming for him with torches and pitchforks.

Suddenly, Tywin saw little puffs of snow lazily falling from the sky, and he cursed. "Just what we fucking need," the old man growled. He almost wished that Harold would come back and conquer all of Westeros. At least he knew that the kingdom would be in competent hands.

They knew that winter was close. Everyone could feel the coldness steadily creeping in. Now there was no doubt. It wouldn't be long until it hit them full force. This was both good and bad. It was good because no matter what, Harold would keep the food coming. It was also good because the winter would surely hit the North the hardest. Could Robb Stark continue with his war while his people were wasting away to nothing back at home? And the Reach? Their entire economy relied on growing food. Very soon, hardly anything would grow, and the Tyrells would be hit with hard times once again. If Tywin knew his grandson, Harold would be looking to take

over the food contracts that the Reach would no longer be able to fulfill. It's what Tywin would do after all. Tywin smirked. Mace would be fighting a battle on two fronts.

Tywin needed to act fast. Sitting down at his desk, he began writing a letter to his grandson. There were things other than food that they would need. Things that Harold could easily provide. Firewood, clothing, blankets, medicines ... there was so much that they would need this winter. Normally, they would have stocked up long before winter hit, but with the war lasting so long, Tywin would wager that no one was prepared. He only hoped that things wouldn't get too bad.

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Harry stood there invisible to all. While Dany had been doing her duty as the next ruler of Meereen, Harry had been using his magic to fix up the former Pahl family pyramid into something a little more proper for girls Dany and Myrcella's age. He didn't plan on leaving them here for long, but he wanted to let them get used to the city slowly. He didn't want them to get depressed or homesick. As such, he made sure that the pyramid had all the luxuries that they were afforded back home, including a massive, indoor pool filled with cool, clean water.

He watched as the girls scampered into the pool room. Both were completely nude and holding hands. They squealed in excitement as they jumped into the pool at the same time, never letting go of each other. When they re-emerged from the pool's depths, Dany brushed the hair from her face while Myrcella spat out a mouthful of water. It wasn't long before they were laughing and splashing around. Happy that they would be distracted for a while, Harry vanished and reappeared in Sothoryos. His spy drones had informed him that it was now snowing as far south as King's Landing. That meant one thing ... It was time to begin his economic takeover of this primitive world.

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The following week was a very busy time for Harry. He had to add many more trading ships to his portfolio. His existing trading partners would not be too pleased if he suddenly snubbed them because the Northern Kingdom of Westeros suddenly needed food. It was a chore to keep everyone happy, but in the end, it was manageable. Of course, his coffers were reaping the benefits of all this new trade.

Harry was sitting in his bathtub and letting the hot water soothe his overused muscles. He was going over a report when the door to his bathing room opened. He looked over and saw a shock of coppery, red hair. "Lady Sansa," Harry raised an eyebrow at her sudden entrance. "I would stand up and greet you, but in my state of dress, it might not be entirely appropriate."

Sansa's cheeks were already pink from embarrassment. She didn't normally act in such a way, but her mother had talked her into it. She said, and Sansa believed her words to be true, that one of the other girls would eventually ensnare him with their charms ... or their bodies if she

didn't act fast. Taking her opportunity, Sansa shrugged off the thin, silk robe that she had been wearing. She blushed deeply when his eyes raked over her nude body. She could feel them traveling over her bare breasts and down her slim belly. They continued their journey downward, over her belly button before stopping at the junction between her legs. She had made sure that her body was prepared. She was smooth in all the right places. "Don't worry, Your Grace, I'll come down to greet you."

She smiled shyly at him and walked down the exotically tiled steps into the below-ground pool. Sansa scooted close to his side, making sure her breasts were always above the water line. She wanted him to have something to look at after all. She saw him smile back at her.

"It's been a few days since we've last spoken," he told her. "How are you enjoying your stay?"

"It's wonderful, Your Grace," she honestly told him. Being here in his city was like a dream come true for her. "I love being here."

"That's good," he said. "I don't know if you've heard, but the winter snows are spreading throughout Westeros. Soon, you and your mother may not be able to safely get home."

Sansa knew what he was hinting at. If she wanted to get back home, she would have to leave now. The only problem was that neither she nor her mother wanted to go back to the bleak and dreary North ... at least not right now. The winter was sure to be harsh, especially with the war still raging. She quickly made a decision.

Spinning around to face him, she straddled the top of his thigh. She let out a hushed breath as her overheated pussy touched the corded muscles of his thick thigh. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she began moving her hips back and forth.

Harry was surprised by Sansa's actions. Normally, the girl was a bit shy, and sexually speaking, unsure of herself. While she still appeared to be shy, she was acting like a woman who knew what she wanted. Harry was going to let her keep going. He was enjoying the way she moved against his body. He was so attuned with his body that he could feel her clit getting hard against his skin. Before his eyes, her nipples grew hard and crinkled until they were sticking out from her light pink areolas. Her chest and shoulders were lightly dusted with freckles, and her breasts were quite full for a girl her age. As she moved, they bounced up and down, creating a cock-hardening display. Suddenly, her hand moved down to his cock which was still inflating. Sansa let out a shuddered breath when her small hand wrapped around his manhood. Her eyes were wide with shock, but then she noisily swallowed and straightened her back. She was trying to gather her courage, Harry noticed.

"My mother and I would prefer to stay here, Your Grace ... At least for the winter ... If you will allow it," Sansa said as her hand began moving up and down. Harry noticed that she had a good technique when it came to giving a handjob. Her hand moved all the way down to the base

before sliding all the way up to the head. She was working his cock with long, deep strokes, and Harry was very appreciative of her efforts.

Sansa squeaked when Harry grabbed her naked ass and moved her until her wet, hot pussy trapped his erection against his belly. She could feel the underside of his monstrously large shaft snuggled deep between her plump, bald lips. "I don't know, my dear. Perhaps you can convince me," she heard him tease.

Without having to think, her hips were moving as she rubbed herself against him. She heard him let out a guttural moan as he leaned back. Sansa placed her hands on his chest and used him for leverage. Back and forth her hips moved while his hands explored her wet, soapy skin. Sansa had never been with a man before, so she didn't know exactly what to expect. She had, of course, touched herself before. Many times in fact. But this was so much better. She loved feeling him pressed so hard against her womanhood. She loved drawing moans from him using only her body. Finally feeling like a grown woman, she leaned forward a bit so that her nipples were "accidentally" brushing against his face. He took the bait. Sansa squealed softly when he lightly bit down on her nub. She watched as he gave it a little tug. Her breasts stretched out a tad before he let go. Down below, her clit was swollen and sensitive, but that didn't stop her from grinding it against him. The sensation was incredible. After only a few minutes of stimulating herself against his cock, Sansa's body was trembling. The young King was laying kisses all over her naked tits, and just the thought of someone so handsome and powerful using her body in such a way made her want to ...

"OH!" Sansa squeaked out. Her body bucked, and she pressed down hard against him. His hands were softly stroking the length of her back while she choked out a moan. Even before she could finish cumming, Harold pulled her in for a kiss. Sansa happily returned it as she attempted to devour his mouth. Finally breaking the kiss, he kept his hands on her ass while she sat on his cock. He gave her ass a squeeze. "Shall we go to the bedroom so that you can finish "convincing" me?" she heard him ask. Sansa was in a world of her own. She nodded happily and nuzzled his neck with her nose when he lifted her up bridal style. As the door closed behind them, Sansa wasn't ready for what he had in store.