

## The Dread Lord of Essos

### Chapter 53

“How do you know my name?” Arya asked in shock. Her back was still pressed against the wall of the rented room in the House of Seven Lamps. She could barely hear the warbling voice of that annoying singer down below through the thin walls. She looked at the Dread Lord in fear. She had, of course, heard of King Harold. Who hadn’t, she thought as he twirled her dagger between his fingers. Everyone knew of him and his exploits. The fact that he supposedly flew on the back of a dragon was a tale that spread like wildfire. Arya had heard many of the homeless children of Braavos talking about him and claiming that they too would one day ride on the back of a dragon. It was a nice thought, but it would never happen, Arya knew. Most of the homeless children would be dead before they even came close to adulthood. It was the sad reality of the world they lived in. Only the strong would survive ... like her, she suddenly thought.

“Because I’ve been looking for you. You were a bit tough to track down,” he told her as he stepped closer. Arya studied his face closer. He certainly was handsome, she thought to herself. Perfectly symmetric features, chiseled jaw, brilliant green eyes, plump, pink lips ... he had it all. For a second, her body yearned to be back in his arms ... to taste his sweet lips once again. Her body was aching for his hands to be on her ... For his fingers to be caressing her hard ...

Arya looked down and squeaked in embarrassment. Her top was still down, and her small, perky breasts were out for him to see. Her little, pink nipples were still stiff and crinkled from arousal. His eyes were staring at them ... almost studying them. Suddenly, her nipples became very sensitive, and her pussy longed to be fucked. Arya could feel herself growing even more moist than she already was. She quickly pulled the top of her dress up to cover herself. She looked and found him with an amused expression stenciled across his beautiful face. Her face began to grow hot, and her cheeks turned bright red as he stepped right up to her. His hands touched her bare arms as he slid her dress straps back over her shoulders. Arya couldn’t help but rub her thighs together. She needed some way to help relieve the sexual tension after all. ‘Pull yourself together, Arya!’ she silently chastised herself. There were more important things to worry about right now.

“You were looking for me?” she asked in confusion. He nodded. “For me?” she asked again. Again, he nodded.

“Yes. It was quite a shock to find that you had joined up with the Faceless Men,” he told her. He was so close that she could feel his body heat. Hearing him speak of the Faceless Men reminded her of something. ‘Oh, yeah, I was hired to murder him,’ Arya remembered then flushed beet-red. What would he do in response? Feed her to his dragon perhaps?

“After the shock subsided, I began to wonder how good you were. That’s why I hired you,” he added.

“I’m sorry, I ...” she began but then halted. “... Wait ... You hired me?”

“Yes,” he smiled.

“You hired the Faceless Men to assassinate yourself?” she asked again in confusion. He chuckled.

“Not exactly. The Faceless Men and I have an unspoken arrangement. They don’t accept contracts on me, and I don’t burn the House of Black and White to the ground.”

“If they don’t accept contracts on you, then how did you...” Arya began but was cut off.

“I asked them to send you after me as a test. It wasn’t really a contract to begin with since you were never going to complete your mission.”

Arya’s temper flared. “Yes, I would have! I would just need to rethink my strategy and ...” she started up but stopped when he cleared his throat. Arya saw that he was still spinning her dagger in his hand. She was being reminded that she was unarmed and defenseless. There was no way that she could defeat him in a physical fight either. She blushed again and decided to keep her mouth shut.

“Regardless, I didn’t come here to hire an assassin. I prefer to do my own dirty work,” he said.

“Then why were you looking for me?” she asked, crossing her arms over her chest. She watched as he sat down on the bed and patted the spot next to him. Feeling like there was no other choice, she walked over and sat down next to him.

“Things have changed in Westeros,” he told her. “The war is still raging, but many are dying and many more will soon follow.” She looked at him with confusion. “Your brother, Robb, he was recently killed.”

Arya’s breath hitched. She knew there was a good chance that he wouldn’t survive the war, but the news of his death was still like a punch in the gut. “Bran ... Rickon ... Sansa,” she asked quietly, staring at the wall in shock.

“Bran and Rickon, I’m not sure yet. I suppose they are back at Winterfell. Sansa and your mother are staying with me in my castle. I will be leaving shortly to bring them word of your brother’s death. They must act fast. With your brother gone, the wolves will begin circling Winterfell, hoping to claim the North as their own.”

Her heart began beating fast. She knew that his words were true. She only had a taste of what it was like to live in King’s Landing. The whole retched city was crawling with sycophants who would be only too happy to stick a knife in your back. Everyone was in it for themselves.

Someone would try and betray their family and take Winterfell away from them. Of that, there was no doubt in her mind.

“My mother and Sansa ... Why are they with you?” she suddenly asked. Why the hell was her mother not at Winterfell where she belonged? How did Sansa escape King’s Landing?

“They came to my city to negotiate for the North.”

“Negotiate what?” Was Sansa trying to marry him or something?

“As you know, winter is upon us, and it has never been kind to your people. They came hoping that I would supply the North with food and supplies throughout the winter,” he told her.

“Oh,” she said quietly, still thinking.

“So what is your plan, Arya? Will you remain here, or will you come with me? I leave early in the morning,” he told her. Arya looked at him. She obviously wanted to see her mother and sister again, and she desperately missed Winterfell.

“I’ll come with you,” she said, sounding especially young to him at that moment. Arya cleared her throat and spoke again, this time sounding a bit more self-assured. “I should go back to the House of Black and White and tell them of my plans.”

“I already mentioned that I would be taking you if you chose to allow it. If you have anything that needs collecting, however ...”

“I gave up all my possessions when I joined the Faceless Men. All except one thing. I need to go get it,” she told him, standing up. Harry nodded.

“Very well. Meet me here when you’re done. Don’t be long. We leave at daybreak,” he said to her. Arya nodded in understanding and quickly left the room.

### **The Dread Lord of Essos**

It was only an hour until sunrise when there was a soft knock at Harry’s door. Already knowing who it was, he opened the door and stepped aside. Arya walked in wearing an outfit that seemed to be a mixture of male and female attire. She was wearing a dark gray vest over a white, long-sleeved blouse. She was wearing a matching gray skirt, but her legs were covered by black trousers. Leather boots covered her feet and went almost all the way up to her knees. On her slim waist was a sword with a long, thin blade. It was the same type of sword that Braavosi Water Dancers used to fight with. She was also holding a cloth sack firmly in her hand.

“That’s a nice sword,” Harry complimented her blade.

“Thank you. My brother Jon gave it to me,” she responded.

“Do you know how to use it?” Harry then asked.

“Not as well as I would like.”

Harry chuckled at her.

“Perhaps I can show you a thing or two.”

Arya gave him a slight smile before looking him over. Harry had also changed before her arrival. He was now wearing his normal clothing. “We may as well get going. By the time we get to Ragman’s Harbor, the sun will nearly be up.” Arya agreed and followed him out the door.

### **The Dread Lord of Essos**

“Step in to parry. Don’t be afraid to be aggressive,” Harold called out to her. They were on his massive ship that was probably more luxurious than any room in the Red Keep, Arya thought as she nodded. She was holding her sword, Needle, while Harold was holding a wooden practice sword. He had asked her to call him Harold. Arya couldn’t stop her face from heating up when he did. Again, Harold swung his sword, and this time, Arya stepped in and parried.

“Good,” he called out. “Now that you’ve stepped into my space, I have nowhere to go. From here you can take many different actions. A headbutt to the nose, you can stomp my foot or knee me in the groin, but my personal favorite is an elbow to the jaw. That will make them see stars,” he said, leaning in and bumping her hard with his shoulder. Arya stumbled backward several steps. She didn’t realize how strong he was. He barely even touched her, and she nearly fell over. “Attack again!”

Arya did as her former teacher, Syrio Forel had taught her. She used her size and speed to her advantage ... or at least she tried to. They didn’t call him the Dread Lord because he liked to play with kittens, she realized when all of her fastest strikes were countered by him. He brought his wooden sword up and blocked one of her swipes. As Needle struck the practice sword, the vibrations in her sword caused her hand to start hurting. That momentary lapse was all he needed. He started his attack, and Arya was forced into a defensive position. She moved as fast as humanly possible to block all of his jabs and swipes. Just as he told her to do, she stepped in during a parry and stomped her foot down. Instead of connecting with the top of his armored boot, the sole of her boot banged hard onto the wooden flooring of the cabin. She then found herself soaring through the air from a hip toss. Arya squealed in fright before hitting her bed. Needle went flying across the room and landed noisily on the floor. Arya looked at him with wide eyes, breathing heavily.

“Never assume that your opponent won’t counter your dirty tactics,” he explained. “And always be aware of *their* dirty tactics.” Arya nodded in compliance.

As he had stated, his ship was very fast, so it wasn't long before they found themselves on his city's doorstep. Arya didn't exactly believe him when he said that they would arrive by the end of the day. A journey from Braavos down to the Disputed Lands would normally take a week or so, and that was assuming that there would be good weather and a strong breeze. 'Disputed Lands,' she thought with a snort. No one disputed them any longer, she told herself as the glittering, white city came into view. Arya stood at the ship's bow, taking in the breathtaking sight. By then, it was late afternoon and the setting sun was covering the city in an orange glow, making it seem that it was on fire. Her heart started beating faster when she realized that she was only minutes away from seeing her mother again.

### **The Dread Lord of Essos**

Leaving a copy of himself with Arya while they docked, the real Harry appeared outside of a familiar door. He gave the door a knock and waited. As the door opened, he saw the surprised face of his aunt, Cersei.

"Nephew!" she sputtered before clearing her throat softly. Composing herself, she continued. "It's wonderful to see you again," she said evenly, stepping aside to let him in. The door closed behind him as he looked around her room. It was emptier than the last time he had been in there.

"And you, Cersei. Tommen has arrived, I hope?" he asked. Cersei nodded.

"Yes. Thank you for getting him out. He's out playing with one of his old friends," she told him.

"Many in Westeros believe he's dead, so make sure that he keeps a low profile until everything blows over," Harry said as he turned back to her. "I was surprised to hear of your return."

Cersei flushed red in embarrassment and stood there slightly squirming under his gaze. "King's Landing wasn't what I hoped it would be. The war has devastated the entire area."

"Indeed it has, and it will only get worse from here on. Many will suffer," he told her, checking her out. She was still as sexy as ever, and Harry could feel himself hardening. A light smirk played across his lips. "But not you, of course. You look quite healthy, my dear aunt."

Harry grabbed her hips and spun her around. Cersei gasped as he pulled her hips. She stumbled slightly as her back pressed against his chest. Cersei swallowed loudly while his hands explored her curves. Her body shuddered, and she closed her eyes. Her breathing became shallow and labored as he slowly lowered the top of her dress. Her breasts suddenly became cold as her dress was pulled down, and they were exposed to the cool air of the room. Instantly, her nipples crinkled and hardened. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?" he whispered in her ear.

Cersei gasped lightly as his voice tickled her eardrum. “L-Long time?” she asked, not really paying attention to anything other than his fingers which were gently playing with the soft skin on the bottoms of her perky tits. His hands then moved a bit higher, and he cupped her breasts in his palms.

“Since I last fucked you in this bed,” he said in a teasing manner. He pinched her hard nipple, and Cersei squealed and arched her back, thrusting her tits harder into his hands. Then her body jerked as Harry harshly tugged her dress the rest of the way down. Cersei now found herself standing naked in a pool of fabric. “On the bed ... now,” he ordered her.

She didn’t know why his tone of voice made her pussy quiver with need, but that was beside the point. She was in desperate need of a good, hard fucking. Scampering over to her bed, she quickly removed her boots as she watched her nephew strip down. She licked her lips when his fat cock sprang out of his tight trousers. Without a stitch of clothing, Cersei positioned herself on the bed and spread her legs wide. Her eyes feasted on his young, powerful frame. His handsome face, his rippling biceps ... Cersei didn’t realize that her hand had found its way between her legs while her eyes moved down over his muscled chest. When they landed on his toned abs, her fingers began stroking her slit. Within seconds, her fingers were slick with her juices. He then began making his way over to her.

Cersei blushed pink and used two fingers to spread her lips apart. His hand found its way to his cock, and he started stroking himself while she showed off her wet, pink insides. “Did you miss having my body, nephew?” she asked him as he crawled onto her bed. She inhaled deeply when he grabbed her ankles and pulled her body to him.

“Indeed I did,” he told her, placing one of her legs over his powerful shoulder while he pushed her other thigh flat against the bed. Her pussy was spread open, wet, and ready for him. Cersei cried out when he teased her engorged clit with his thumb. “Then wait no longer. Take me!” she begged as he leaned forward. Her leg was pushed back toward her body as his lips came closer to her. Cersei shuddered when his lips brushed against her soft, pink ones. She opened her mouth slightly, breathing heavily. When his lips finally touched hers, she nearly came on the spot. She actually did orgasm only a second later when his cock easily slipped between her hot, wet folds.

This was better than her dreams, Cersei thought as inch after inch of his perfect manhood stretched her tight tunnel. There wasn’t even the slightest amount of resistance as he pushed all of the way in. She was wetter than she had ever been. When she first returned to Westeros, she didn’t realize how much she would miss The White Pearl of Essos, as the rich merchants she socialized with called the city. Most of her longing, however, wasn’t directed at the city itself, but rather, it was directed at the man currently thrusting his hips and hitting her favorite spot deep within her. On her very first night in the Red Keep, she found herself tossing and turning. Her dreams and desires wouldn’t give her a moment of peace. All she could think about was Harold slamming her onto the bed and taking her body like some ravenous barbarian. Oh, how thankful she was that she was back home ... and now, his cock was back home where it belonged, she

thought to herself as he hit her g-spot. Cersei clawed at the bed as she came again. Her velvety walls rippled and fluttered around his magnificent girth.

Her nipples ached when they pressed against his hard chest, and as her body moved, they were dragged back and forth across his skin. Sparks of pleasure raced up and down her spine. He then broke the kiss and flipped her over onto her belly. She felt his hands pull at her hips until her ass was up in the air. The cool air blowing against her smoldering pussy sent shivers down her body. Her knees were forced apart, fully exposing her wet cunt. Cersei's eyes fluttered when his hands gently slid over her soft, smooth skin. His fingertips glided up the backs of her thighs, and he gripped her cheeks tightly. Cersei pressed her face against the bed when he spread her open. She knew what he was going for.

Sure enough, she felt his finger circling the rim of her asshole. His fingertip then dipped down and collected some of her wetness from her sopping-wet pussy. Bringing it back up, he began massaging her hole which made her mewl in pleasure.

Harry chortled at Cersei's reactions. It was clear that she missed his body. Knowing that she wouldn't see, Harry used his magic to help lube up her asshole. Harry inserted the tip of his finger into her hole and pushed all the way in. Once knuckle deep, he spurted lube from the tip of his finger directly inside of her. Cersei squealed, and her hole clamped down on his finger. Harry began thrusting his finger until her tight hole was a bit looser. With her hole ready, Harry settled behind her and placed the tip of his cock against her hole. Adding a bit of pressure, he pushed on it until the head popped into the hole.

Biting down on the blanket, Cersei cried out as her asshole stretched. She grunted as he pushed farther in and squealed as he pulled back out. "I missed your lovely ass," Harry said, pushing his shaft deeper.

Her body jerked back and forth as her nephew took liberties with her body that she would never allow anyone else to take. She would never tell anyone, but she loved the sensation of having her ass taken by him. The pleasure was beyond words. It was a strange sensation to be sure, but she enjoyed it thoroughly. The deeper he went, the more her pussy would tingle. Fat beads of pussy juice were dripping off of her slick cunt and falling onto the bed below. She grunted with every powerful thrust and even arched her back to allow him to fuck her harder. Cersei didn't understand how he wasn't tearing her apart, but in the moment, she didn't care one bit. All she cared about was the intense pleasure she was feeling, especially when he reached down and shoved two fingers into her pussy. His fingers curled expertly and touched her g-spot. She could hear the squelching and sloshing of her pussy, and it amazed her at how wet she was.

A pathetic whine escaped her lips and was muffled by the bed. Her pussy was already actively trying to milk his cock as her low, steady orgasm carried on with every thrust of his wonderful cock. His fingers were hitting spots that only he could somehow reach. When she heard his familiar low moan, she knew that he was getting close. Tightening her ass around his thrusting shaft, she threw her ass back and took him as deep as possible. His hands squeezed her waist

possessively as a wet heat filled her naughty hole. Suddenly, out of nowhere, what felt like a bolt of pure pleasure shot from his fingers and went straight into her g-spot. Cersei screamed, and her back arched. Her body trembled and spasmed wildly. Over and over he fucked her while she suffered through a spectacular analgasm. He then pulled out of her ass and shoved his still-cumming cock into her wet cunt. Cersei collapsed face-first onto the bed where she lay, letting him do whatever he wanted to her body. Once both holes were sufficiently filled with his thick cum, he rolled over and sighed in happiness. He placed his hands behind his head and relaxed. Cersei pulled herself over to him and practically wrapped herself around his body. The orgasm was still ripping through her body, causing her to squeal and mewl with every pulse of pleasure. Placing her head on his chest, she tried to calm her rapidly beating heart while both holes leaked his essence. It was good to be back home, she happily thought as she began placing kisses all over his nude body.