

## Princess of Dragonstone

Rhaenyra Targaryen was a whirlwind of emotions as she made her way to her room. The clacking of her boot heels sounded especially loud in the late hours of the night. There were few guards in the hallways, and all bowed their heads respectfully to her as she passed by. When she reached her door, she pushed it open. The room was lit by a single candle on the opposite side of the room. She took a step into the dark room and was grabbed from behind.

“AHHH!” she squealed before hearing a familiar, deep laugh. Her heart was hammering in her chest, and her hand clutched her heart. His hands moved down to her hips, and he held her firmly against his body.

“Harry! You absolute ...” she began but was quickly quieted by him.

“Shhh! There are guards walking the hall ... Unless, of course, you wish for them to know that I’m here,” he teased her. Rhaenyra’s face flushed, and her cheeks began to heat up. No one could know that Harry was in her room ... especially her father. He would not be pleased if he discovered her love affair with a mere commoner. His hands moved from her hips and climbed up her slim sides. They stopped right below her breasts. Rhaenyra shuddered under his touch.

She couldn’t help herself when he was around. Her hands would find their way to him, like a snake in search of a mouse, and when he touched her ... the thought sent shivers down her spine. There was something about him that she couldn’t describe. Almost like a hidden power was buried deep beneath his skin. In the few, short weeks that she had known him, he never ceased to amaze her.

They had met in King’s Landing. The handsome, young man had been loitering close to the castle gate. Why he hadn’t been questioned by the guards, she would never know. He didn’t talk much about his past or his family, but he did admit that he wasn’t a member of any Noble House. Still, he wasn’t like any of the smallfolk that she had ever seen. He was always clean and fresh-smelling. His teeth were straight and pearly white, and he wore the clothes of someone well beyond his station in life. She didn’t even know how he earned his coin, and he wasn’t eager to tell her.

When they met, there was an instant spark for her, and after multiple days of going out to see him, they began a physical relationship in secret. The hard part, she thought, was going to find the time to be with him without getting caught. That, however, wasn’t a problem. Harry could somehow come and go within the Red Keep without getting caught. It truly amazed her.

“Princess of Dragonstone? That’s quite the title,” he teased her again. Rhaenyra leaned back against him, feeling his hardening cock. His hands cupped her breasts before moving even higher. He took the straps of her dress and pulled them down. Her bare breasts were exposed to the warm air of her room.

“Does it excite you? Being with a future Queen, I mean,” she asked as he gently caressed the skin of her arms. Her body erupted in goosebumps when his fingertips accidentally tickled the delicate skin under her arms. She could feel him undoing her dress from behind, and only a moment later, her dress pooled at her feet. He scooped her up in his arms, and Rhaenyra wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned in. Capturing his lips, she moaned into his mouth as she was gently placed on her bed. He then broke the kiss and ran his palm down her smooth thigh. He gave her a naughty smile as he undid the laces on her boots.

One of her boots hit the ground as he replied, “It is tantalizing to know that someone with so much power will submit to me under certain circumstances.” He tossed her other boot away before removing her socks.

“Submit to you? Never,” Rhaenyra answered with a cheeky smile on her face. Her body then trembled as his fingertips brushed the soft soles of her foot. Harry placed a soft kiss on her thigh before grabbing her underwear. Her body jerked downward as he tugged them off, leaving her completely nude and at his mercy. His hands gripped her thighs, and he pushed them apart. Rhaenyra gasped as he ran his hands down the insides of her thighs. She could feel the wetness pooling in her, and she wouldn’t be surprised to find herself dripping for him. Sure enough, as he looked down, he could see several wet trails starting from her smooth pussy lips and leading down between her cheeks. His eyes traveled up her body, first over her smooth mound and then up her lower belly. Her body was taut and smooth, indicating to him how young she was. There wasn’t a blemish to be seen on her soft skin. Obviously, she hadn’t been allowed to horseplay when she was a child. They wanted her body to be as perfect as possible for her first lover, who they assumed would be her future husband. Now Harry was the one benefitting from it.

His eyes continued upward as they feasted on her slim body. Her breasts were small, being a bit over a handful, but they were incredibly perky. Her nipples were pink and hard, and Harry could see the crinkled, little tips poking out from her lightly-colored areolas. Rhaenyra bit her lower lip and arched her back. Harry knew what she wanted. His fingers crept between her open legs until the tips toyed with her warm, damp opening. Meanwhile, Harry leaned down and placed soft kisses up her toned belly.

Rhaenyra’s eyes fluttered as his lips climbed higher. She loved feeling his hot breath on her bare breasts. Her slender fingers slid through his messy hair, and she gently scratched his scalp with her nails.

“More,” she whispered passionately as he kissed the bottom of her breast. Her body was squirming while she tried to get her nipple into his mouth. When his lips finally wrapped around the hard, little nub, she sighed in contentment. Feeling his tongue massaging her hard tip caused very pleasurable sensations to race down her spine. His finger dipped into her folds, and she immediately tightened around him.

Harry smiled into the young woman's breast as he felt her insides clutching his finger tightly. Pulling it back, he then penetrated her with two fingers, earning a sexy moan from her. Her insides were so wet that his fingers had almost no resistance as they thrust into her.

"Your clothes!" she gasped out when his thumb pressed against her swollen clit. He moved his thumb in a circular pattern around her clit which made her pussy leak even more. Understanding what she wanted, Harry sat up and removed his shirt. Rhaenyra rolled onto her knees and began ripping at the front of his trousers. Once they were undone, she tugged them down with as much force as she could muster. His long, throbbing cock sprang out and bounced around before she was able to catch it in her palm. Harry's hand moved between her legs once again, and she sat there stroking his cock while his fingers toyed with her sensitive clit. With her pussy throbbing with need, she ripped the rest of the clothes from his body and pushed him flat on his back. Now it was she who was placing kisses up his stomach and chest. When she reached his lips, she kissed him with as much passion as she could muster. Feeling his hard cock touching her aching and needy pussy, she pressed down on it and began rolling her hips. The sensation was wonderful, she thought as his thick cock forced her lips open. She pressed down harder, mashing her clit onto him. As her body began shaking with pleasure, she was rolled over.

Harry thrust forward and entered her for the first time that night. She shuddered as his girth spread her lips open and stretched her out. She could feel every inch of his incredible length as he pushed all the way in. As soon as his head touched her cervix, Rhaenyra cried out and squeezed him between her thighs. Her walls grew tighter until they were hugging his thrusting shaft. His soft lips were nipping at her jaw as she turned her head and squealed. Her body was already starting to milk him. She was amazed at just how much her body wanted him to breed her. Without meaning to, she was always wrapping her legs around his waist just as he started cumming, and her pussy would squeeze his cock almost the moment he entered her.

He chuckled happily while brushing his warm lips across her neck. He then leaned up and kissed her lips. "Does that feel good, Princess?" he teased while his hips thrust forward again. Rhaenyra arched her back and cried out. Harry angled his hips so that the head of his cock was hitting her g-spot over and over. He could feel her wet walls clutching his shaft as tightly as her body would allow.

"It's wonderful," she wailed in a shrill voice. Suddenly, she found herself facedown on the bed. A pair of strong hands gripped her hips and lifted her ass into the air. Before she could even look over her shoulder, a fat cock parted her lips once again and penetrated her so deeply that she instantly came on him. Again, she heard him chuckle merrily as she came hard on his cock.

"One day you will marry some boring, limp-cock who fancies himself a king. When you are suffering through his unimaginative bedroom activities, I want you to remember this moment," she heard him say as his hand cupped her mound. His fingers pressed down on her hard, aching clit, and when he started massaging it, Rhaenyra came again. She squealed in pleasure as her pussy gripped him harder than ever before. He reared up and began jackhammering into

her cumming pussy. Rhaenyra was screaming and squealing as pussy juice dripped down and left a massive wet spot on her bed. Unbeknownst to her, Harry was using his magic to keep everyone from hearing her screams of delight. Lights flashed behind her eyes as Harry rolled her swollen clit between his fingers. Then her body began bucking wildly as the pleasure became too much. Harry pinched her clit and kissed her bare shoulder. "Who does this pussy belong to?" she heard him ask. He pulled back and thrust forward again, mashing into her g-spot and causing her to cum even harder. The insides of her thighs were completely drenched in her pussy juice.

The Princess of Dragonstone buried her face in the bed and cried out, "YOU DO!"

Rhaenyra collapsed forward, but the brute still had a hold of her slim waist. He was plowing into her so hard that all she could hear was the wet sounds of her pussy being fucked and the sound of her ass clapping against his hips. She was just about to pass out when he pushed all the way in. Her hands clawed at the bed just as she felt him release. Her insides were instantly filled with warmth as his essence spread throughout her. One thrust after another, he continued to spurt his cum into her until there was no room left. His thick cum began leaking from her orgasming pussy, and she felt it dripping down her thighs. She heard him sigh happily, and he gently rubbed her naked back. Rhaenyra's bottom half collapsed onto the bed, and she groaned pathetically. Closing her eyes, she tried to catch her breath as Harry's hand explored the gentle curves of her body. Knowing that he would be ready for another go very soon, she let herself fall asleep, hoping for a short nap before another round of boisterous lovemaking.