

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 89

Harry watched his city from the window of his bedroom. The city below was waking up, and everyone had a purpose. The avenue they had walked yesterday, with its canopies of fruit trees and perfectly sweeping terraces, now overflowed with vendors shoulder-to-shoulder and carts laboring under ornate silk canopies. Silk banners in every color snapped in the brisk morning air, and somewhere far below, a chorus of brass horns practiced their songs. Even from this far up, Harry could feel the excitement of the crowd.

He leaned on the wide stone sill and squinted into the rising sun, watching the square fill with costumed acrobats warming up before their performance. He could see the flash of peacock feathers and the brilliant blue silks of foreign fan-dancers, and further on, he could see the slow, steady movements of the guards as they swept the square for any signs of disorder. On every balcony and rooftop, servants were stringing garlands of orange blossoms while the first waves of partygoers in masks and cloaks strolled the main thoroughfare, eager for the spectacle.

Harry felt the stirrings of anticipation in his stomach. Everything was almost ready, and he wanted the Grand Opening to go well. He pressed his palms into the cool stone and let the moment settle over him.

He didn't hear Margaery walk up to him, but he smelled her scent. The smell of her perfume and wet womanhood saturated every inch of the bedchamber. She padded soundlessly across the floor, and the faintest shift of air and light warned him just before her arms slipped around his waist. Her skin was soft and warm, and Harry smiled as her fingers traveled up his chest and traced the line of his ribs. He put his hands over hers and leaned back into the plush comfort of her breasts.

"What are you staring at, my king?" she teased as her lips brushed his ear.

"My city," he said. "It has filled up so quickly. I'm not going to lie ... I'm quite excited for the big day."

Margaery pressed herself closer, molding her naked body to his. "It's beautiful," she said, looking over the cityscape, and her voice was full of affection. One hand trailed down his stomach, and her fingers stopped just short of his cock.

Harry let himself relax into her touch. He looked out over the city bathed in morning light, but before he could say anything, Margaery's hand slipped lower. She gently cupped his soft cock and balls and rolled them in her palm. "You don't feel excited," she teased in a voice that was both innocent and wicked. "That's odd. I was sure you would be." Margaery giggled and rubbed her stiff nipples against his bare back.

He laughed and reached to his side. His hand found her smooth hip, and he caressed her silky skin. "I guess I'm still waking up," he said.

"Let me help with that," she said, and with a suddenness that made him gasp, she stroked him until he was hard in her hand. She kneaded his cock with slow, teasing movements, then stroked him faster until he bucked forward into her palm. Harry turned in her arms and caught her mouth in a kiss. Margaery moaned into his mouth and tugged him by his cock, leading him to the bed.

Margaery was a vision of sexiness. Her hair was messy from sleep and her skin already flushed. She smirked at him when she caught him staring at her naked tits. She shook her chest, making her tits sway. Her nipples were hard from the morning chill and from her own excitement, and then pushed him down onto the sheets. She straddled him and pinned his wrists above his head. Her mouth was hot and insistent against his, and her tongue was very eager to explore.

Harry twisted his wrists so their fingers were entwined, then rolled her over so he was on top. She squealed and wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him in until his cock pressed against the wet, slick heat of her cunt. She ground herself against him, wetting the entire length of his shaft, and laughed in delight when he groaned.

"Do you want me?" she asked in a husky, breathless voice. She obviously already knew the answer, but she liked to hear him say it anyway.

"You know I do," he said, and buried himself inside her in one slow, perfect thrust. She gasped and arched her back, and her heels dug into his thighs. Harry gripped her hips and fucked her with long, steady strokes, loving the way her taut, slick lips clung to him. Her gasps and moans were music to his ears.

Harry loved the way Margaery's cunt clung to him, and he loved the feeling of her slick, silky walls squeezing his cock with every long, deep thrust. She was already so wet and eager for him that he could barely hold himself back from slamming into her like a wild animal. Instead, he fucked her with a slow, grinding motion, savoring how the pleasure pulsed through his shaft and up his spine. Every time he bottomed out inside her, she let out a gasp that was filled with pleasure, and her legs hooked around his hips to pull him in even deeper.

Margaery was shameless. She arched her back, moaned, and shook against him so her tits bounced and jiggled in time with their movements. Harry couldn't look away. Her breasts were perfect, and they looked even more beautiful every time he saw them. They were round and very perky, and the skin was tight, soft, and just faintly freckled at the top of her cleavage. Her pale pink nipples jutted out, hard and swollen from excitement, and when she reached up to claw at his ass, she tried to pull him down to go deeper.

He bent down to suck one of her nipples into his mouth and bit it gently before rolling the tip between his teeth. Margaery cried out and locked her ankles behind his back. "Please," she begged. "Harder. Give me more."

Harry shifted his weight and gave it to her, pounding into her with a rhythm that shook the bed. The slap of his hips against her ass filled the room, and the sweet, slippery sounds of her pussy stretching around him made him delirious with desire. She clenched her walls around him with every thrust, milking his cock as if she could wring him dry by force of will alone. He loved how tight she was, and how she squeezed him, as if daring him to go deeper.

Margaery's hands framed her breasts and squeezed them together so the nipples nearly touched. She watched him as he fucked her, and her big, lovely eyes were glazed over with lust.

"Oh gods," she groaned, and her whole body tensed beneath him. "Don't stop. I'm so close," Margaery begged. She writhed and humped her hips against his, driving his cock as deep as it would go. Her hair stuck to her brow with sweat, and her skin glowed in the morning light.

Harry felt his own climax building, but he gritted his teeth and slowed, desperate to make the moment last. Margaery would not allow it. She dug her nails into his back and bucked wildly, squeezing his cock with each convulsion until his restraint snapped. He fucked her hard, fast, and relentlessly, and she came with a shudder that left her gasping for air. Her head tilted back, and she cried out in a high-pitched voice. Harry sucked on her neck and grunted.

He came inside her, spilling into the tight, clenching heat of her cunt, and he collapsed on top of her with a groan. Margaery's eyes fluttered, and she mewled at the sensation of being filled.

After a few moments, Margaery reached up, wiped the hair from her face, and smiled prettily. "I do so enjoy our mornings together."

He laughed and rolled off her, still catching his breath. "I agree."

She stretched, and every inch of her naked body was on display. She then curled up beside him and seductively played with his chest. "Will you take me shopping again today?" she asked, batting her long lashes at him. Harry chuckled and shook his head.

"New guests are arriving today, and I must deal with them. I'll give you some gold and an armed escort if you still want to shop though," he told her. Margaery kissed his chest and started playing with his slippery cock. She may not get to spend the day with him, but at least she got to spend the day with his gold, which was a nice consolation prize.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Arianne Martell leaned over the polished rail of the ship's upper deck and squinted into the soft morning sunlight. The harbor of Seven Swords was a perfect half-moon bay hidden behind a

protective seawall. Seven white marble piers fanned out like the tail of a peacock, and beyond them, a sparkling city lay. The castle itself soared over the whole city, glimmering in the weak winter sun. The castle's towers pierced the sky, and in the dawn haze the entire fortress glowed as if it were made from pearl.

She tried not to gape, but the spectacle demanded it. Even the Water Gardens of Sunspear would have seemed drab beside this. "It's wonderous," she said softly, to no one in particular.

Ellaria Sand came up beside her, and her dark curls were tousled by the wind. She slipped an arm through Arianne's. "You say that about every city you visit, my sweetling. Yet this one might actually deserve it." Ellaria's eyes sparkled, reflecting both the water below and the promise of intrigue ahead. Both women were covered in heavy overcoats. Neither was used to the frigid cold of the open sea during winter.

Oberyn Martell joined them at the rail with a cup of spiced wine in one hand. He wore a heavy wool robe sashed at the waist with golden silk. "The stories do not exaggerate," he said, surveying the approach. "The Lannister bastard has taste."

Ellaria snorted. "And too much gold. No one needs so many towers."

Arianne said nothing, but she was watching the wharves below, where a crowd had begun to gather in anticipation of their arrival. She spotted a cluster of guards standing at attention at the foot of the longest pier, and in front of them, a single young man who stood apart from the others. Even from a distance, she could see he was tall, and that he had the unmistakable poise of a ruler. While she found him very handsome, he looked nothing like any Lannister she had ever seen. His black hair alone proved that.

Oberyn noticed her gaze and leaned in, dropping his voice to a whisper. "That is him. The so-called Dread Lord. They say he rules half of Essos already, and the other half is terrified of him."

Ellaria made a low sound that almost sounded like a purr. "He looks like a boy lost at sea. How dangerous can he be?"

Oberyn grinned. "I could tell you the stories, but we would be here all day."

Arianne gave the man on the pier a careful, measuring look. "He's handsome," she stated. "But he is still a Lannister." It was not exactly a complaint. She had been raised to see opportunity in every flaw, and she found the man's potential appealing. He was a new lord in a new land. He was exactly the kind of man she could sink her claws into.

The ship's bell rang, and with a flurry of shouted orders, lines were thrown and sails lowered. The vessel glided smoothly into its berth, bumping gently against the white stone pier. On deck,

the captain greeted the waiting guards, then hurried to the royal guests. Oberyn offered Arianne his arm, and together they descended the gangway into a sea of color and music.

The dockside was already crowded with costumed revelers, even at this early hour. Bare-breasted dancers in peacock-blue spun ribbons overhead, while acrobats in brightly-colored tights tumbled through hoops set along the garden. Petals rained down from the castle balconies as the prince and his retinue walked up the pier. The guards bowed respectfully, and the man at the end of the procession waited with his arms folded behind his back. His expression was unreadable.

Arianne drew a breath as she approached. He was even more handsome up close. Not in the glossy, golden way of the Lannisters or Tyrells, but with a rugged manliness that few men truly possessed. His tunic and trousers were immaculate, though he wore no visible jewelry or other marks of office. Only the way everyone else deferred to him gave away his station.

“Welcome to Seven Swords,” he said in a kind, easy voice. “I trust your journey was pleasant.”

Oberyn replied with a flourish and a smile. “It was. It is a wonder to see your city, Lord Harold. Dorne thanks you for your hospitality.”

The man nodded, and for a moment his eyes flicked to Arianne. She met his stare and gave him her best smile. It was sweet and sexy enough to melt the heart of any man. He returned her smile while continuing to look at her. He was studying her, she realized, the same way one might study a viper behind glass. He was curious, but cautious.

“I am Arianne Martell,” she said, stepping forward. “Princess of Dorne. My father sends his warmest regards.”

He took her hand in his and kissed the top. She immediately felt a pleasant tingle between her legs. “Consider me honored, Princess.”

Ellaria was next, curtsying low and letting her dress swirl around her ankles. “And Ellaria Sand, at your service.”

Harry inclined his head. “The honor is mine.”

With the pleasantries finished, the guards gestured for the party to follow. They led the guests up from the harbor and into the royal gardens. The cobbled paths were lined with revelers, and every window in the castle seemed packed with servants eager to catch a glimpse of the royal procession. At every corner, a new troupe of entertainers performed for the crowds, and Arianne found herself swept up in the energy and pageantry.

She watched the Lannister bastard walk ahead while speaking with her uncle, and she matched his measured steps stride for stride. She was already plotting her approach. A word here, a

touch there, and a glance at the right moment was all it would take. It would not be long before she found herself alone with him, and when she did, she would show him exactly what Dorne had to offer.

When they reached the castle doors, he turned to her and offered his arm, as if he already knew she would take it. Arianne smiled and slipped her hand into the crook of his elbow, letting the world see the two of them together, side by side. Step one was complete, she thought, and she didn't even have to try. Arianne felt the first real thrill of the game.

The Dread Lord of Essos

Oberyn had just changed into one of his Dornish silk robes when a knock sounded at his chamber door. He expected it might be a page or a summons from the princess, and so he called out "Enter!" without even glancing up from the decanter. But when the door opened, it was not a page or a pair of giggling handmaidens. Lord Harold stood in the threshold with a pleasant smile on his handsome face.

Oberyn's eyes widened, and he chuckled amusedly. "I thought you would be occupied with getting to know Arianne better," Oberyn said with a lazy smile on his lips. "I had not imagined you as a man of restraint, Lord Harold." He poured a cup of deep red wine for himself, then raised a brow at the young lord. "Or is it that the bastard of Casterly Rock already tires of beautiful women?"

Harry took a step inside and grinned, unoffended. "I assure you, I am not so easily bored by beautiful women. The princess and Ellaria have already convinced me to escort them to the King's Garden. However, I wished to see you first. I have a gift."

Oberyn set his goblet down. "Gift?" he repeated, and Harry nodded once. No further explanation was needed, apparently. He simply added a gesture that said, "Come with me."

Oberyn laughed and tied the sash with a practiced twist of his wrist. He followed Harry through the corridor, then down a spiral stair that twisted deep into the castle's stone belly. The air was colder here, and his exposed skin goosebumped.

The light faded as the walk continued, and the torches on the wall glowed blue and orange, casting strange shadows onto the stone walls. Eventually, they reached a thick metal door set with a heavy wheel lock. Oberyn looked at it, looked at Harry, and then grinned with a raised eyebrow. "Prisoner?" he guessed.

Harry nodded. "You could say that."

He spun the wheel, and the door groaned open. Harry gestured for Oberyn to enter first. Inside, the air was instantly hotter. The cell was a stone vault, surprisingly well-lit by a ring of candles.

In the center of the vault, chained to the far wall by each wrist and ankle, and with a sackcloth rag jammed in his mouth, was the Mountain.

Gregor Clegane was slumped in a puddle of his own sweat and filth. Even chained and defeated, he loomed against the wall like a fallen titan. His face was battered purple, his lips were split and bleeding, and one eye was swollen completely shut. But the other eye glared balefully, shifting to Oberyn when the prince entered.

“He did not come quietly,” Harry said, explaining the state of Clegane’s face.

Oberyn Martell had been many things over the years. He had been a lover, a poisoner, a champion, a father, a brother, a prince of Dorne, and much more, but in that moment he felt only one thing ... a chilling surge of joy, as if a lifelong itch could finally be scratched.

He stepped farther in, letting the soles of his boots step onto the piss that slicked the stones. There was a table nearby, set with implements. There were knives of surgical sharpness, ice picks, corkscrews, steel tongs, and a new, gleaming set of pliers. Someone had assembled these tools with care. Oberyn ran his fingers along the display, then reached for the smallest knife, just to test its balance.

Behind him, Harry said, “When you’re finished, take the corridor on the left. It leads back to the castle.”

Oberyn could not keep from laughing. He turned and bowed deeply. “Thank you, Lord Harold,” he said. He then turned to the giant chained to the wall. “And thank you, Ser Gregor, for making my day.” He heard Harry’s footsteps recede and the metal door clang shut, leaving Oberyn alone with his work.

He walked up to the Mountain, leaned close, and trailed the knife’s tip along the prisoner’s hulking chest. “You do not remember me,” Oberyn stated with much glee. “But I am certain you remember Elia.” He reached up and pulled the gag from Gregor’s mouth. He wanted to hear the man’s screams. The Mountain groaned, but there was no true defiance in him anymore. He had burnt all his energy trying to break the chains.

Oberyn's face twisted into a delighted smile, and he kissed him gently on the cheek. “Now ... Let us get to know each other.”

The Dread Lord of Essos

Arianne expected many things from the capital city of Seven Swords, but as she strolled down the King’s Garden with her arm looped in Lord Harold’s, she was unprepared for the riot of color and carnal energy that poured out of the city’s veins. The street was as full as any in Sunspear, yet it was as clean as a palace balcony. Instead of dry dust and sand, the air here was thick with the scent of citrus blossoms, honeyed nuts, and the expensive perfumes of a thousand

ambitious women. Arianne couldn't decide if the city smelled more like a festival or a brothel. She decided that it was both, and she liked it.

She walked on Harold's right, and she noticed how everyone parted for him as he passed. Ellaria walked on his left, and her hand was curled possessively through the crook of his elbow. Like Arianne, she wore her finest Dornish silks, and she made a show of pressing herself up against Harold's side until her breasts threatened to spill from the low cut of her dress.

Ellaria caught Arianne's eye and winked. Arianne returned her smile. There was a silent agreement in the glance. Ellaria would play her game, Arianne would play hers, and Harold would hopefully survive.

The streets of King's Garden were alive and bustling. Above them, strings of paper lanterns fluttered in the breeze, and musicians perched on second-story balconies, playing their instruments.

She glanced at the shopfronts they passed, and each one was more audacious than the last. One displayed nothing but scandalously small panties and other undergarments. Another flaunted dresses so sheer that the wearer would have gotten themselves arrested in Westeros. She had seen the women of Lys strut their bodies, but even they seemed restrained compared to what Seven Swords now offered. Arianne watched a trio of girls pass, clad in nothing but semi-transparent veils and jewels pasted to their nipples. The men gaped openly, obviously enjoying the sight. Arianne felt a flicker of admiration and envy in equal measure. These women were not just beautiful. They used their beauty as a weapon that was as sharp as any blade.

They slowed before a shop whose window was filled with ivory lace, green glass beads, and spidery black silk. There were already three well-dressed women inside, and all of them looked up as Harold entered with his companions in tow. Their eyes were hungry, and two of them stalked forward like cats ready to pounce.

Arianne drew herself taller, which was not easy at her height, and she gave the waiting women a look that plainly stated, "I am a princess, and you are nothing." The women must have understood, and they edged back a step, though not without glaring daggers at her.

The shopkeeper was a round woman with cheeks like ripe plums. She bobbed a curtsy so deep her nose nearly touched the floor. "Your Grace! And in such exquisite company! How may I serve you?"

Harold's voice was gentle, but it carried through the room like the sounds of a thunderstorm. "Princess Arianne and Lady Ellaria have found themselves ill-prepared for the local fashion. Would you be so kind as to help them remedy this?"

The shopkeeper eyed Arianne up and down, and her eyes lingered on the flash of leg through the slit of her yellow dress. "Of course, my lord. Would she prefer something in the summer silks, or perhaps a more daring cut?"

Arianne pretended to think about it. "What do the women of King's Garden wear when they wish to be seen?" she asked. It was not a question without purpose. With so many Westerosi women present, she knew the city was full of spies, and every dress was a statement. She wanted to make the loudest statement.

The shopkeeper smiled and produced a silvery sheath of cloth so fine it looked poured, not sewn. "This, Princess, would make a goddess jealous."

Ellaria accepted her own armful of fabrics from a second assistant, and a few moments later, the two Dornish women were herded past a curtain and into a room lined with velvet benches and mirrors.

Arianne wasted no time undressing. She slipped the fabric off her shoulders and shimmied, letting the old dress puddle on the floor around her ankles. She caught Ellaria's eye in the mirror, and the two women burst into laughter. They both enjoyed the game, but neither wanted to lose.

Ellaria was first to try her dress ... if it could be called that. It was skin-tight and metallic gold, and the double slits exposed both of her wide, fleshy hips. The inside swell of her tits was on full display. Even Arianne had to admit it was daring. "He will certainly enjoy seeing you in that," Arianne said.

Ellaria posed with her arms over her head, and she let the light catch every curve. "I hope so."

Arianne draped herself in the silver gown. It fit like a second skin, and the neckline plunged well past her navel. She turned, inspected herself from every angle, and saw that even the whites of her eyes looked brighter in the dress. Her body looked curvier, and her breasts looked larger and perkier. It was perfect.

When the two reemerged, the shop instantly fell silent. Harold stared, and for a moment even he was at a loss for words. The women who had been waiting before glared daggers at Arianne and Ellaria, though beneath the envy there was also grudging admiration.

One of the local women graced her with a brittle smile. "She's very pretty ... for a Westerosi," she added, adjusting her own neckline. The woman glanced at Arianne's chest and sniffed at how her hard nipples tented the fabric. "It's a bit too chilly if you ask me."

Arianne met her eyes and smiled sweetly. "Not when your blood runs hot." She then angled her body in a way that highlighted the impressive swell of her tits. Harry grinned at that, and the shopkeeper clapped her hands, delighted.

“Do you like it?” Arianne asked in a seductive, smoky voice, turning slowly so he could see every inch of her gorgeous body.

“Very much,” Harry said, and his hand found the small of her back. “You look like you belong on the arm of a king.”

Arianne purred and twisted her hips just enough to brush her ass against the front of his trousers. “Then buy me this, and I will make sure everyone knows it.”

He laughed, and the women in the store all heard and sneered. Arianne felt the attention like Dornish sunlight on her bare skin. It was intoxicating.

Their old dresses were boxed and wrapped in scented tissue, and Harold paid the bill with a slip of gold that vanished instantly into the shopkeeper’s palm. As they left, Arianne could feel every set of eyes on her, and she reveled in it. In Dorne, she had always been the prince’s daughter, but now, she was the name on everyone’s lips. She was the envy of the street.

They strolled on, and Arianne pressed herself even closer to Harold’s side, letting her breasts squish provocatively against his arm. The city belonged to him, but she wanted it to belong to her. She wanted to see how much of it she could take for herself.

Everywhere they went, the people parted before them. Arianne was used to the snide looks of other women, but never had it tasted so sweet as here, where every woman she passed tried and failed to mask their jealousy. Even the men watched her, and though some stared at Ellaria, most eyes came back to Arianne in that molten dress.

They lingered in a pleasure garden where a young man offered them honeyed figs and a crystal flute of chilled white wine. Ellaria sipped first, pronounced it divine, and then fed a fig to Harold. He bit it from her fingers, and the juice ran down his chin. Ellaria licked it away with a kittenish flick of her tongue. The game was escalating, and Arianne refused to be outdone.

She leaned into Harold, whispered a joke in his ear, and then, as he laughed, she drew his head down and kissed him. It was brazen, and the kiss lasted longer than custom allowed. The crowd saw, of course, and a collective gasp flitted through the onlookers. When Arianne finished, she let her lips drag along Harold’s cheek. He was momentarily speechless, and for the first time that day, Arianne felt she had won something.

“Thank you for buying us these dresses,” she said. “You are very generous.”

“I’ll buy you as many as you desire, Princess,” he chuckled while Ellaria pressed in closer from his other side.

Arienne smiled and hugged his arm tight to her chest, rubbing it against her cleavage. "And I will wear every single one for you and no one else."

The day drifted on, and the air grew warmer. The crowds thickened, and everywhere she walked, Arienne felt the city's people watching her. She liked it more than she expected.