

The Dread Lord of Essos

Chapter 57

“Remember what I said, Arya. Don’t try to use your strength against your opponent. In your case, your strength is your weakness. Use your speed. Find your opponents’ weak points and exploit them,” Harry instructed, pushing her away and causing her to stumble back and nearly fall.

Arya’s eye narrowed, and he lunged forward as quick as a cat, hacking and slashing. She quickly grew frustrated. She had never landed a single hit on him. He said that her speed was her greatest advantage, but he was twice as fast as her. Growling angrily, she jabbed her needle-like sword directly into the middle of his torso, but all he did was turn to the side and watch it pass by, hitting nothing but air. CLUNK! “Aaack!” she cried out when he womped her on the top of the head with the broadside of his wooden training sword. Arya quickly stepped back, rubbing the top of her tender head.

“Remain calm in battle. Anger will cloud your mind and alter your judgment,” he smirked. As she stared at the handsome face that, at that moment, she both loved and hated equally, she had a wicked thought. Running toward him, instead of attacking, she jumped into his arms and kissed him deeply. She moaned into his mouth, pressing her small body against his. Taken by surprise, his grip on her body slackened, and her body slid down until her booted feet touched the floor.

THUNK! “Aaaack!” he cried out when she kicked him in the shin. She squealed in happiness as he hobbled around before bending over to rub his throbbing shin. He looked up at her with a glare before his mouth twisted into a smile. A chuckle left his lips.

“That was a smart move. However, I wouldn’t suggest using it in battle,” he said, still chuckling. Arya laughed along with him, rubbing the sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. “I think that’s enough practice for today,” he told her. Arya nodded in response. “Go wash up, and when you come out of that room, I want to see you wearing one of those pretty dresses that I had made for you back at home,” he said, laying down on her bed and relaxing.

“I don’t like dresses,” she stated stubbornly as she put Needle away.

“You will have a lifetime of doing things that you do not like. Consider this the first,” he sighed as his head hit the pillow.

“Harold!” she complained again. Harry turned to her.

“Your sister wears them, and from what I gather, she adores them. And I must say, she looks great in them.”

“Yes, but, Sansa is stupid,” she argued, her arms crossed over her chest.

“Just go!” he amusedly bellowed, pointing to the door that led into the bathing and changing room. Arya grumbled and stomped off. Harry closed his eyes for a little nap, and he didn’t open them until he heard the wooden door squeak back open.

He almost laughed when he saw that she was covering her chest with one arm while trying to keep the slits in her dress from flaring with the other. Her dresses were similar in style to Melisandre’s with the plunging neckline and double slits that went from the hips, all the way down. As always, the older women in society hated the newest fashions while the pretty, young women, who could pull off the look, wanted desperately to update their wardrobes. Arya’s weren’t cheap copies though. They were made from high-quality spider silk straight from one of his many silk farms in Sothoryos. The liquid-like material hugged the body and practically shimmered in the light.

“Come over here,” he lightly ordered, and Arya quickly stepped up to Harry, who was still sitting on the edge of her bed. Harry seemed to hold power over the Stark women. When he ordered, they followed without question. By then, they had completely thrown their lot in with his. A smart move, Harry thought. He reached up and gently pulled her arms away from her chest. The thin material was nearly skin-tight and hugged her body in all the right ways. Her breasts were still on the smallish side, barely a handful, and he could see the little bumps in the material where he knew her nipples to be. Her entire cleavage was now on display, along with most of her stomach and belly button. The neckline ended just below her navel. The two slits in the long, flowing skirt showed off her pale, smooth legs. With a cheeky smile, Harry placed his hand on her calf and slowly eased his hand up the back of her leg. He made sure to tickle the skin behind her knee. As he did, he heard the shuddering gasp leave her lips. His fingertips caressed the back of her thigh, and he smelled the faint scent of her arousal. He then used his other hand to do the same with her other leg. He could feel Arya’s body trembling with either need or nervousness ... He wasn’t sure. Harry looked up and saw her staring down at him in surprise. She wasn’t expecting him to be treating her in such a way. He knew that she was sensitive about her looks from childhood bullying. No doubt, she thought that he would never be interested in Horseface Arya. However, being on her own for so long had made her more confident. He could tell that by the way she sometimes subtly flirted with him ... or at least Arya’s version of flirting. Like the kiss she had given him earlier ... There was no way that she would have done that had she not been trained by the Faceless Men. They instilled confidence in her, whether she knew it or not.

“You look beautiful, Arya,” he told her kindly. Arya blushed deeply and turned her head in embarrassment. “I’m glad to see that you took my advice and are keeping your skin nice and smooth.” Harry’s fingers crept a little more inward so that his fingertips were gliding up and down her inner thighs. The smell of her wet pussy was growing stronger.

“Y-You are?” she asked with a slight stutter. Her confidence still needed a bit of work.

“Of course,” Harry teased. “What if a boy suddenly threw you on the bed and tore this little dress right off of your body? You’d want to look as enticing to him as possible ... Wouldn’t you?”

“I s-suppose,” she shakily answered.

“There is, however, one problem with your attire,” he stated, looking her over.

“Wha...,” she began but was cut off by Harry. He reached up and grabbed her underwear at the waistline. He then slowly began to drag them down her thighs.

“These dresses are made to be worn over your naked body,” he said, pulling them down past her knees. As he did, they dropped down and pooled around her ankles. He helped her step out of them while she held the slits closed in a panic.

“But everyone will see me down there!” she squealed nervously. Harry shook his head.

“The weight of the silk will keep you covered ... except, of course, in a strong wind. But in such weather, you would likely be wearing something besides a dress,” he explained.

The scent of her pussy was strong now. He could smell how aroused the young woman was. Harry was surprised that she wasn’t dripping down her thighs.

“Though, Sansa enjoys the fact that her dress might blow up at any moment. The thought thrills her,” Harry smiled, caressing Arya’s thighs a little harder now. “You wouldn’t understand it since you’re still young and inexperienced when it comes to men. Thankfully, that is a problem that I am more than happy to fix.”

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Arya couldn’t believe what was transpiring. Harold stood up, as tall and handsome as ever, and began to ease the dress down her body. The gray dress was so tight that it practically peeled off of her. Her embarrassment went into overdrive when her small breasts were exposed to him. She saw that he was looking down, and he could surely see how hard her nipples were. She supposed that her breasts weren’t the worst thing about her body. Sure, they were small, but thankfully, they were still growing. At least they were symmetrical, positioned close together, and were quite perky. Her nipples weren’t large, about the size of a silver Stag, and they were a pleasant color of pink. All in all, things could be worse for her in that particular department, but as he lowered and took her dress with him, her heart began to pound mercilessly in her chest.

Her belly was now completely uncovered, and she nearly fainted when he leaned in and kissed her belly button. His hands were gripping her hips tightly, sending a whirlwind of dirty thoughts through her mind. She was throbbing between her legs in a way that she had never felt. She had obviously had crushes on a few older men when she was younger ... that was entirely normal, but the thought of them never made her body feel the way that Harold did. Her dress

was further peeled down her body and over her hips. His eyes were on her lower belly, and after one last tug of the material, her dress pooled at her feet, and her entire lower half was on full display. His hands slid up the backs of her thighs, and he cupped her cheeks in each hand. A hard squeeze made her jump. "I can see that your legs aren't the only thing that's perfectly smooth," she heard him tease. Her face burned hot, and she wanted nothing more than to cover her eyes. Thankfully, she refrained. Arya didn't want to seem like some little girl who couldn't handle a man like him.

Again, he kissed her belly button, but this time, his lips didn't stop. They continued down her belly until he was laying soft kisses on her hairless mound. It was Sansa who recommended that she remove her hair down there. She said that men love women who are completely smooth between their legs. From the way Harold was kissing her thighs and nuzzling her mound with the tip of his nose, Arya could see that maybe her older sister was correct. She would try and remember to thank her at some point, though she was a bit too busy at the moment. Suddenly, Harold gripped her cheeks hard, and she felt them spread apart. Cool air rushed over her asshole and searing genitals, sending a shiver down her body. "Are you cold?" she heard him ask. Before she could answer, he continued.

"Don't worry. I'll heat you up," he said, scooping her into his arms. Arya squeaked and wrapped her arms around his neck as he bridal carried her to her bed. After setting her down, he went on to remove the last bits of her clothing. He untied her fancy, leather boots that went with the dress and pulled them off of her feet. As her socks went flying to the opposite side of the room, Arya now found herself nude on her bed with her dream man hovering over her.

Arya knew what was about to happen, or she thought she did, and while no girl was ever completely sure if they were ready for such things, she was as ready as she would ever be. All she had to do was give him a clear sign that she wanted him to continue. She did so by reaching up and beginning to unbutton his shirt while he looked into her dark brown eyes. Once the last button was undone, his shirt opened up, revealing the body of a god. Arya couldn't help but stare at the rippling muscles of his chest and stomach. 'I could wash my clothes on his stomach muscles!' she thought, amazed at the sight. Without thinking, her hands reached out and touched his chest. She let her fingers glide across his warm skin until she was tracing every muscle in his stomach. He then took his shirt off and stood up. She watched with bated breath as he took the rest of his clothes off. When his trousers were lowered, she gaped at the size of his thing. It sprang up angrily and looked to be about the size of her forearm. She swallowed loudly, wondering if that thing would tear her in half. He stood over her in a hulking manner, stroking his long, thick cock while looking down at her. He must have seen the nervousness plastered across her face.

"Have you ever been with a man?" he asked her. Arya quickly shook her head. Her mouth was unable to produce a sound. "I didn't think so," he went on. "Just relax and I'll take care of you," he promised. Arya nodded.

Her heart was thumping wildly when he crawled onto the bed, his massive cock wagging around. His hands found her thin ankles, and he slid them all the way up her legs until he reached her knees. All it took was a slight push for him to spread them apart. There was nothing left for her to hide. He could now see everything. He could see her puffy lips completely bereft of hair, he could see her little, pink slit that was shiny with wetness, and he could see her clit, which was swollen with arousal. His hands crept ever higher, and they finally stopped at the highest point of her inner thighs. His thumbs began gently stroking her soft lips. Arya's hands gripped her blanket tightly as she wondered what would be coming next. Harold leaned down and kissed her stomach, then he kissed it a little higher. When he kissed the bottom of one of her breasts, Arya moaned and arched her back.

"Your sister does the same thing when I kiss her breasts," he seductively told her. Arya already knew what was going on between him and Sansa. The shocking part was that he was doing the same to their mother. Harry kissed the area between her breasts, and then he kissed the tops of each one.

"The last time I had your mother and sister in the same bed, I was thinking that the only thing that would make it better was if you were there," he said with a slight smile. Arya's eyes went wide, and she gasped out loud. That was certainly some new information. He would take them both at the same time? She didn't notice his hand slipping between her legs until his finger stroked her wet slit. The moment he touched her, Arya's eyes fluttered, and she cried out in desperation. Her lower half began squirming as she rubbed herself against his fingers.

"I hope the next time, you'll join us," he stated, giving her a salacious smile before leaning over and capturing her lips in a kiss. Arya greedily accepted his kiss and almost instantly deepened it.

She opened her legs as wide as possible, letting him touch her in any way that he desired. Arya had touched herself before, but it never felt as good as the way he was touching her now. He knew exactly what he was doing as his finger dipped into her, and then he used her wetness as a lubricant when he pressed his finger against her hard clit and began rubbing it. Arya moaned deeply into his mouth as he forced her arms above her head. Breaking the kiss a little too soon for her liking, she lay there breathing heavily as he kissed her neck. He then kissed down to her breasts where he took his hand from between her legs and palmed her small, perky tits. He squeezed them, making Arya squirm. It felt incredible when he flicked his thumbs over the hard tips of her nipples, causing pleasure to race down her spine. It got even better when he placed kisses around her little, pink nipples before taking one into his mouth.

"Ohhh!" she squeaked as his tongue traced the edge of her areola while his hands groped her other breast. He then let her nipple go with a wet pop before placing a kiss right on the sensitive tip. Arya couldn't help but pull on his hair and force his mouth to her other nipple. He gently bit down on the hard tip, giving it a little tug before letting snap back into place. He then licked it hard and sucked it into his mouth, his tongue wiggling against the tip the entire time. Down

below, her pussy was gushing juices. She could feel how wet she was. The blanket underneath her was soaked in her juices.

Eventually, he let go of her breasts and began making his way down her belly. Her hands were still gripping his hair tightly when he reached her belly button. He laid soft kisses all around it as he placed his hands on her thighs. She could feel him applying pressure to her legs, keeping them open for what was to come. Arya didn't have to wait long. A moment later, his mouth was kissing and nipping at the soft skin of her hairless mound. She whined pathetically and bucked her hips, wanting more of herself in his mouth. Harold, however, was very strong and was easily able to control her body's position. He further teased her by kissing her thighs and licking the wetness that was streaked down them. "Harold, pleeease!" she heard herself beg. Hearing his delighted chuckle, she wasn't ready for when his lips attached themselves to her hard, throbbing clit.

As soon as he applied suction, Arya became overwhelmed, her head began spinning, and she cried out while her body bucked and thrashed. As before, Harold had her pinned and was easily able to continue sucking on her little nub. At some point, Arya's entire lower half was up in the air. Her legs were swinging wildly as he pressed his face down between her legs. She could feel his tongue everywhere. She wasn't sure what was better ... when he lapped at her clit, when he penetrated her with his tongue, or when he tickled the rim of her asshole with the tip of his tongue. All of it was utterly wonderful, she thought, and she hoped that he would perform such acts many more times in the future. After she had came several times on his tongue, Harold had decided that he had waited long enough.

Arya found herself straddling him, who was flat on his back. She could feel his magnificent girth underneath her. It was laying flat against her wet slit. She experimented by grinding her hips against it and found the pleasure to be exquisite. Biting her lower lip, she bucked and rolled her hips, smearing her juices all along his absurdly long shaft. His hands were busy stroking the smooth skin of her thighs and occasionally feeling up her jiggling breasts. Seeing the smoky look in his eyes, Arya knew that it was time. He pulled her flat against him so that her breasts were mashed against his hard chest. One of his powerful arms was wrapped around her thin waist, keeping her body pinned in place. With his other hand, he reached down and placed the tip of his cock against her tight, little opening. Burying her face in his neck, she gasped as she felt her lips forced open, and the head of his monster slowly sank into her. Arya whimpered a bit from the sudden pain of being stretched. Then, Harold lovingly caressed her bare back, and suddenly, the pain vanished. Instead, her body was filled with intense pleasure, and the deeper he sank into her, the better it felt. Arya lightly bit down on his shoulder as he hit a spot in her that had never been touched. As he hit it, she felt her inner walls squeeze him so tightly that going any deeper was difficult. At least it would have been for someone other than him.

Strong hands cupped her ass and squeezed while his cock finally hit the deepest part of her body. Arya didn't even bother trying to stop herself from squirming. The sensation of her hard nipples rubbing against his skin felt wonderful, and it was even better with him inside of her. With there being no pain, he didn't have to wait for her to get used to his size. He just held her

waist tightly and began thrusting into her. Arya's mind went blank the moment he truly began fucking her. Instantly, she began cumming so hard that she was afraid that she might pass out. She was quite glad that she didn't, because she would have missed the greatest moments of pleasure in her short life. "Oh ... It feels ..." she huffed out, her warm breath hitting his skin.

"Good?" he finished for her in an amused voice. Arya nodded and cried out as her orgasm kept getting stronger. The sounds of her penetration were getting louder and wetter. The clapping of his hips striking her ass was steady and brutal. Her insides were hugging him so tightly that he shouldn't have been able to thrust into her so fast, but the vast amount of pussy juice practically pouring from her slit was making her incredibly slick.

"Fuck yourself on my cock," he ordered, and Arya acted without thinking. Her hips began bouncing up and down, slowly and unsurely. Harold, thankfully, grabbed her hips and showed her how to properly move them. Within minutes, she was expertly bouncing her hips while her chest lay flat against his. For some reason, she found this even more pleasurable. He wasn't the one giving *her* pleasure. She was giving *him* pleasure now. She found the concept very appealing as she worked his cock for all it was worth. There was no resistance. Her pussy was so wet that her cunt glided up and down the skin of his shaft. Gaining confidence, she used her hands to push off his chest. Sitting up straight, she started rolling her hips in a way that best gave her pleasure. Her cheeks were flushed, and little beads of sweat were forming on her forehead. Harold's hands glided up her sides, and his fingers tickled her underarms, which was much more sensual than she thought possible. That small action finally set her off for good. Her pussy clamped down harder than it ever had. Her insides were fluttering and milking his cock while she squealed and bounced on his lap. Her small tits were bouncing until he cupped them and began tweaking her nipples. Arya's body shuddered and spasmed. She then collapsed forward, and Harold happily caught her against his chest. It only took a few more thrusts into her cumming pussy until she felt him begin to fill her with his seed.

Arya couldn't help but giggle against his chest, even while she was being seeded. She no longer felt like ugly, old Arya Horseface. She finally felt like a real woman. Of course, Harold was happy to treat her as such. Before she could recover, she found herself on her hands and knees taking his fat cock again and again.